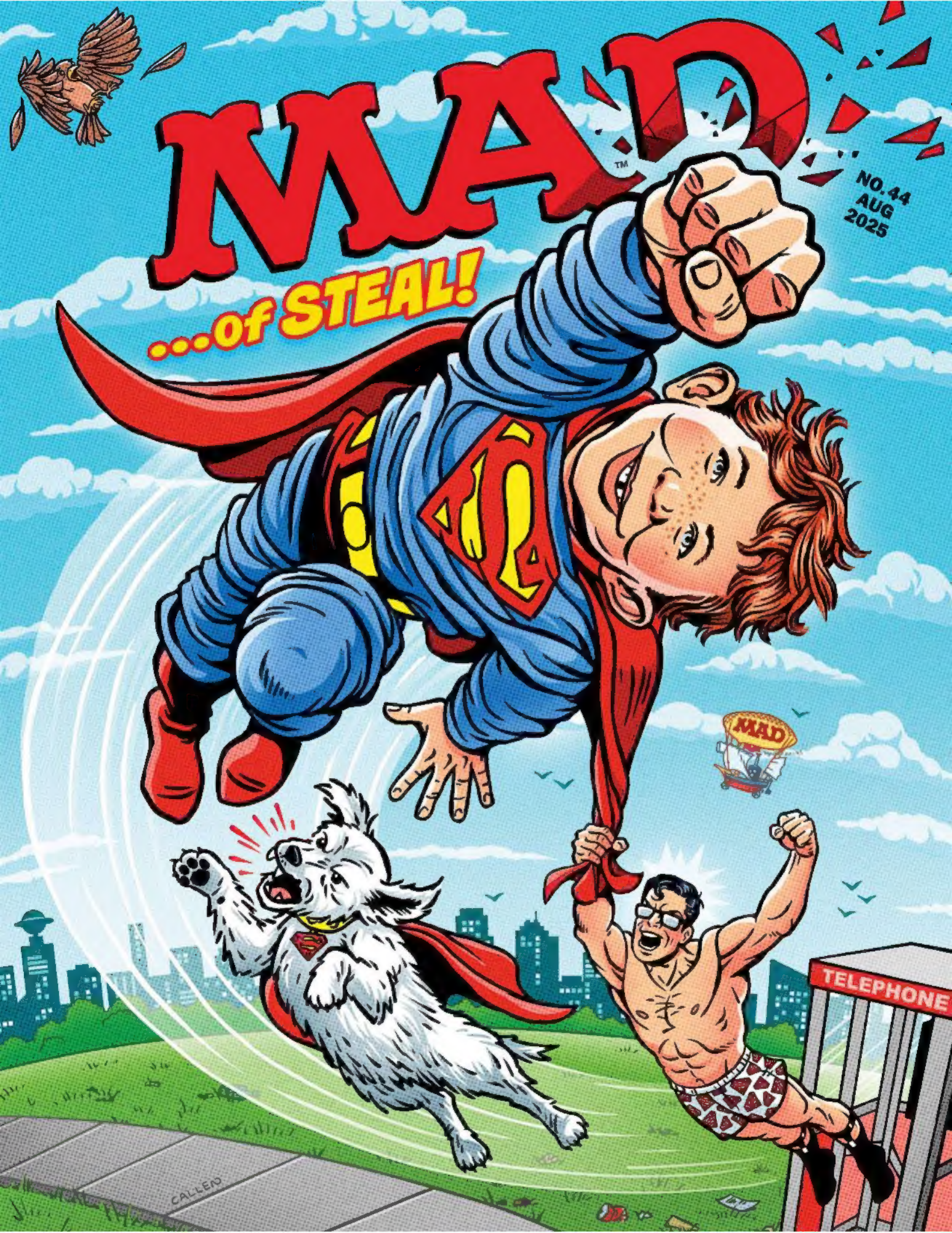


MAD

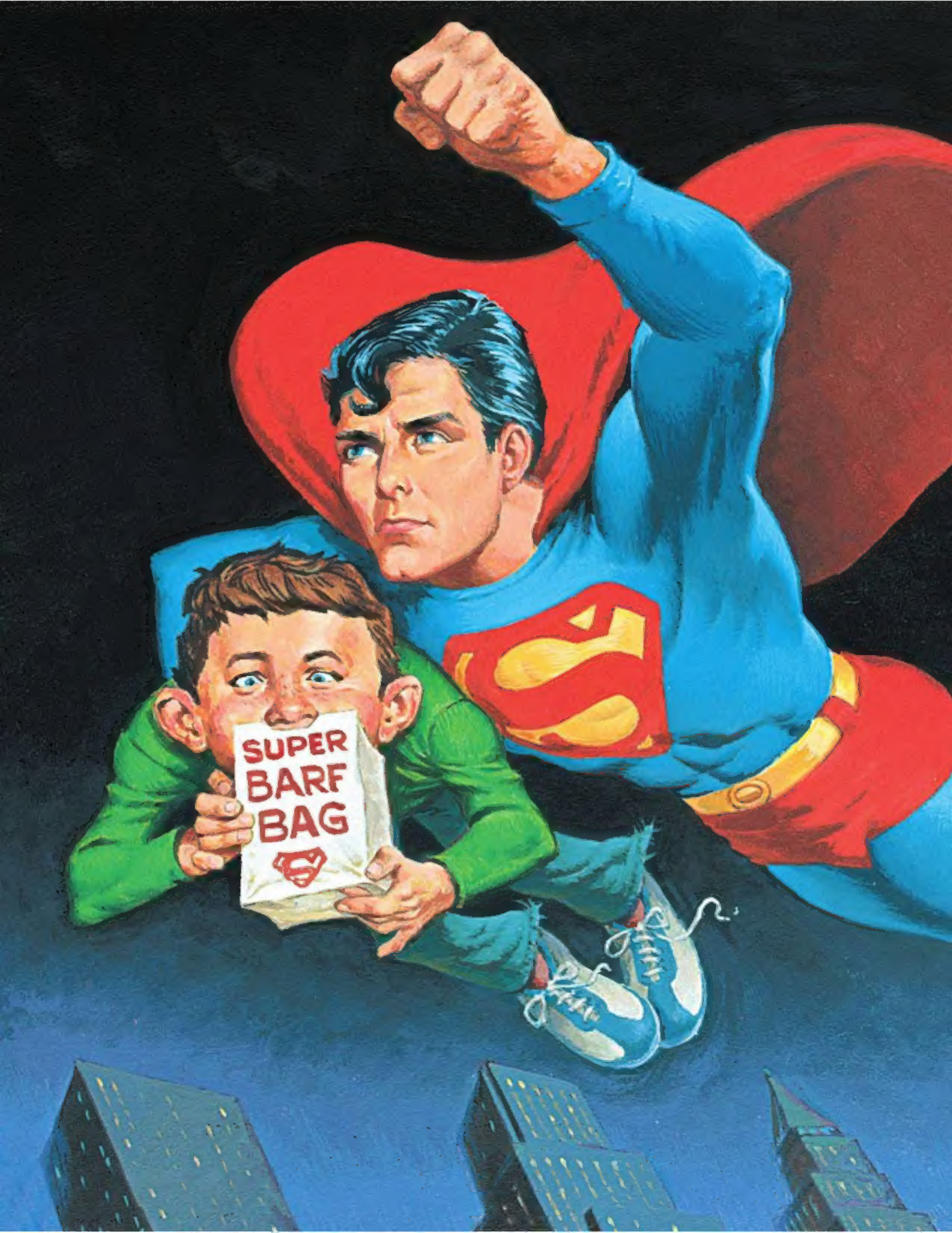
...of STEAL!

NO. 44
AUG
2025



CALLER

TELEPHONE



MAD

NO. 44

AUGUST 2025

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

- 02** Spy Vs. Spy
- 04** One Afternoon in Metropolis, MAD #208, Jul 1979
- 05** A "Comics" Scene We'd Like to See, MAD #103, Jun 1966
- 06** A MAD Look at Superman
- 10** It's Bring Your Sidekick to Work Day!, MAD #1, Jun 2018
- 14** Superduperman (A MAD Movie Parody), MAD #208, Jul 1979
- 22** The Further Adventures of the Guy on the Cover of Action Comics #1
- 24** Duck Edwing Looks at Superman, MAD #276, Jan 1988
- 26** MAD's Make Your Own Man of Steel Adventure, MAD Presents Superman, Summer 2013
- 28** Stuporman Reruns! (A MAD Movie Parody), MAD #468, Aug 2006
- 35** A Super Opportunity, MAD #190, Apr 1977
- 36** Supergall (A MAD Movie Parody), MAD #253, Mar 1985
- 39** Spit Take: How to Create an Authentic Superman Curl
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- 43** Spy Vs. Spy, MAD #147, Dec 1971
- 44** Bat-Slam! Dept., MAD #7, Jun 2019
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- 51** More Powerful Than a Locomotive..., MAD #172, Jan 1975
- 53** Live from Metropolis
- 54** A MAD Look at Superman, MAD #208, Jul 1979
- 56** Fake and Bake Dept. Sugar & MADness

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

EDITORIAL CONSULTANT Paula Sevenbergen

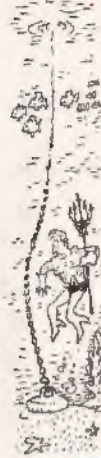
INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER ARTIST Kerry Callen

The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.





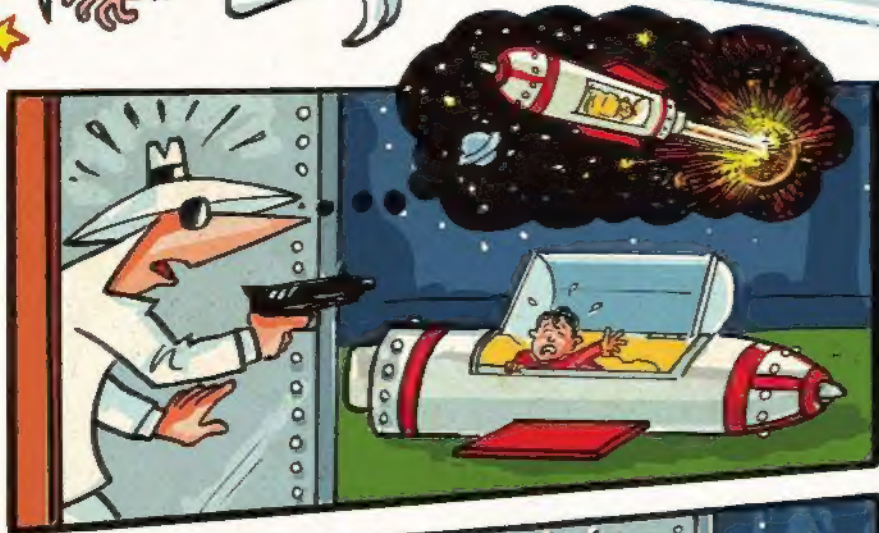
SPY



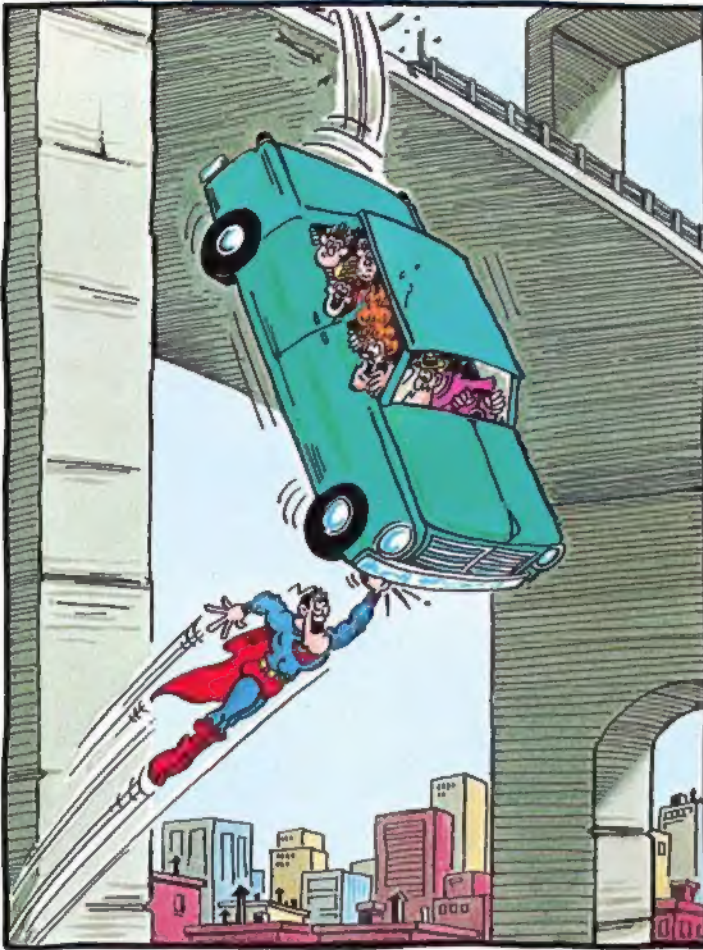
SPY



KUPER



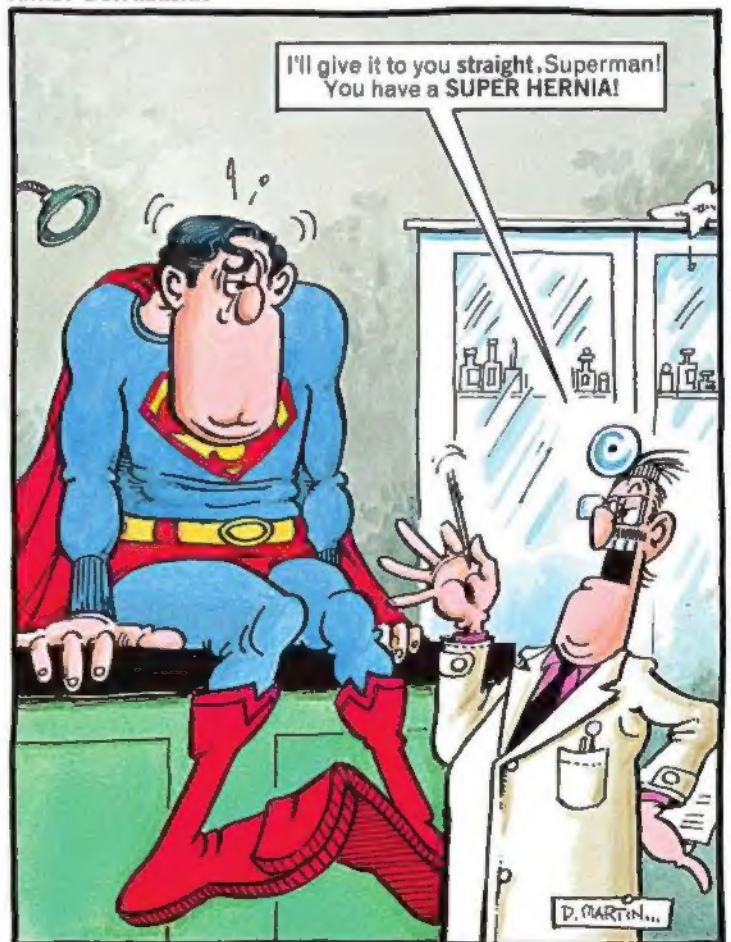
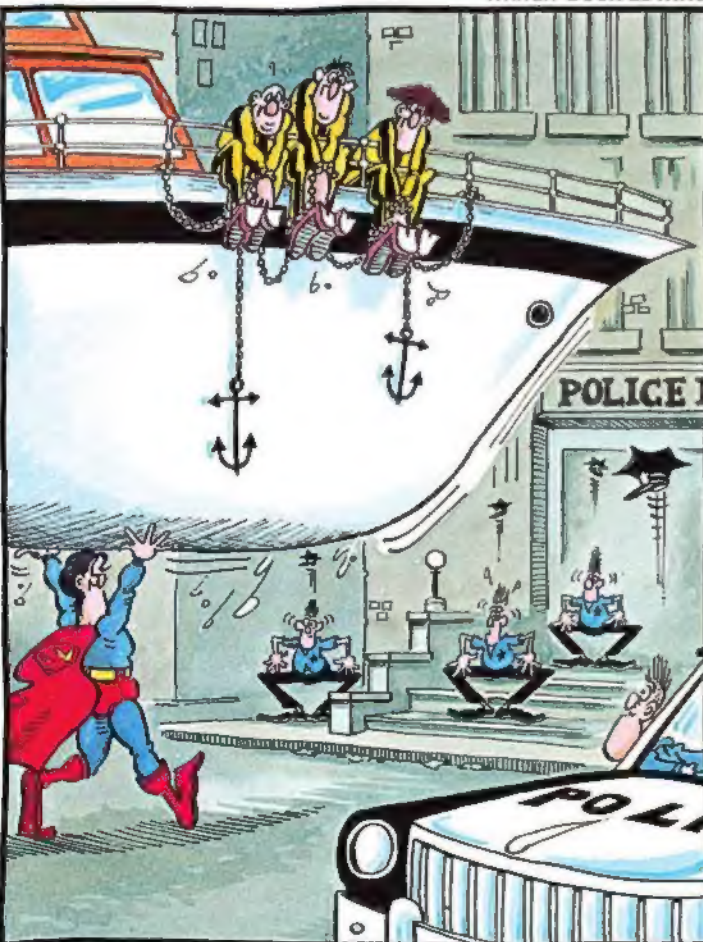
ONE AFTERNOON IN METROPOLIS



WRITER DUCK EDWING



ARTIST DON MARTIN





BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY DEPT.

A "COMICS" SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE



WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING ARTIST GEORGE WOODBRIDGE COLORIST NATHAN KANE



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #103, JUN 1966



G. WOODBRIDGE

SERGIO FRAZONE
 PRESENTS

A MAD LOOK AT

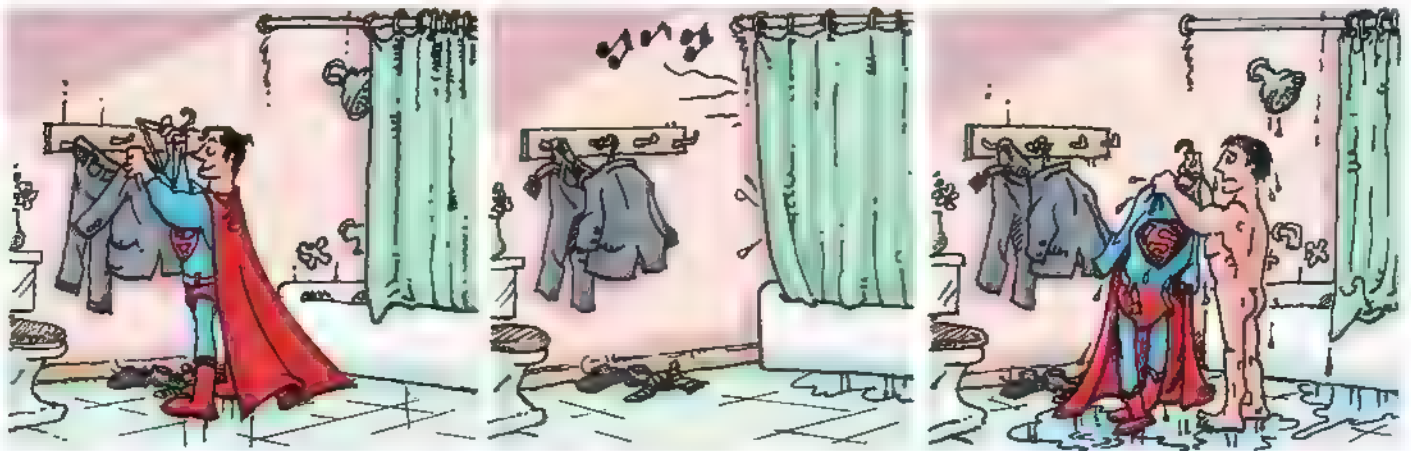
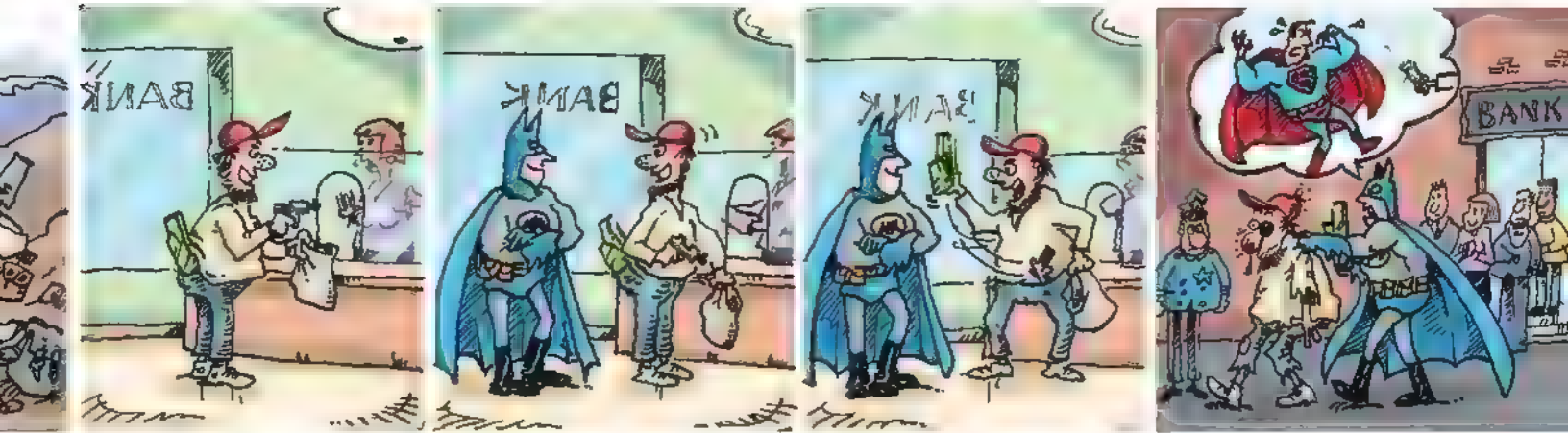


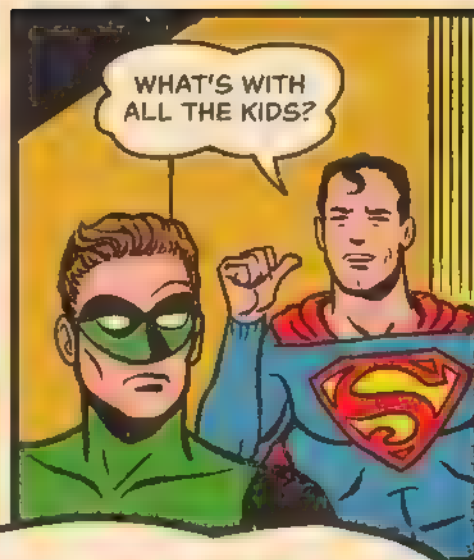
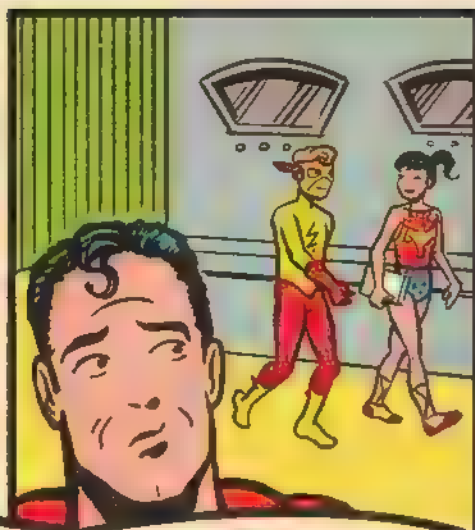
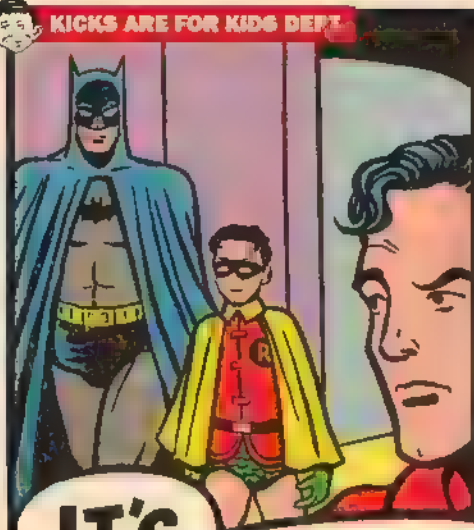


WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS** COLORIST **CARRIE STRACHAN**



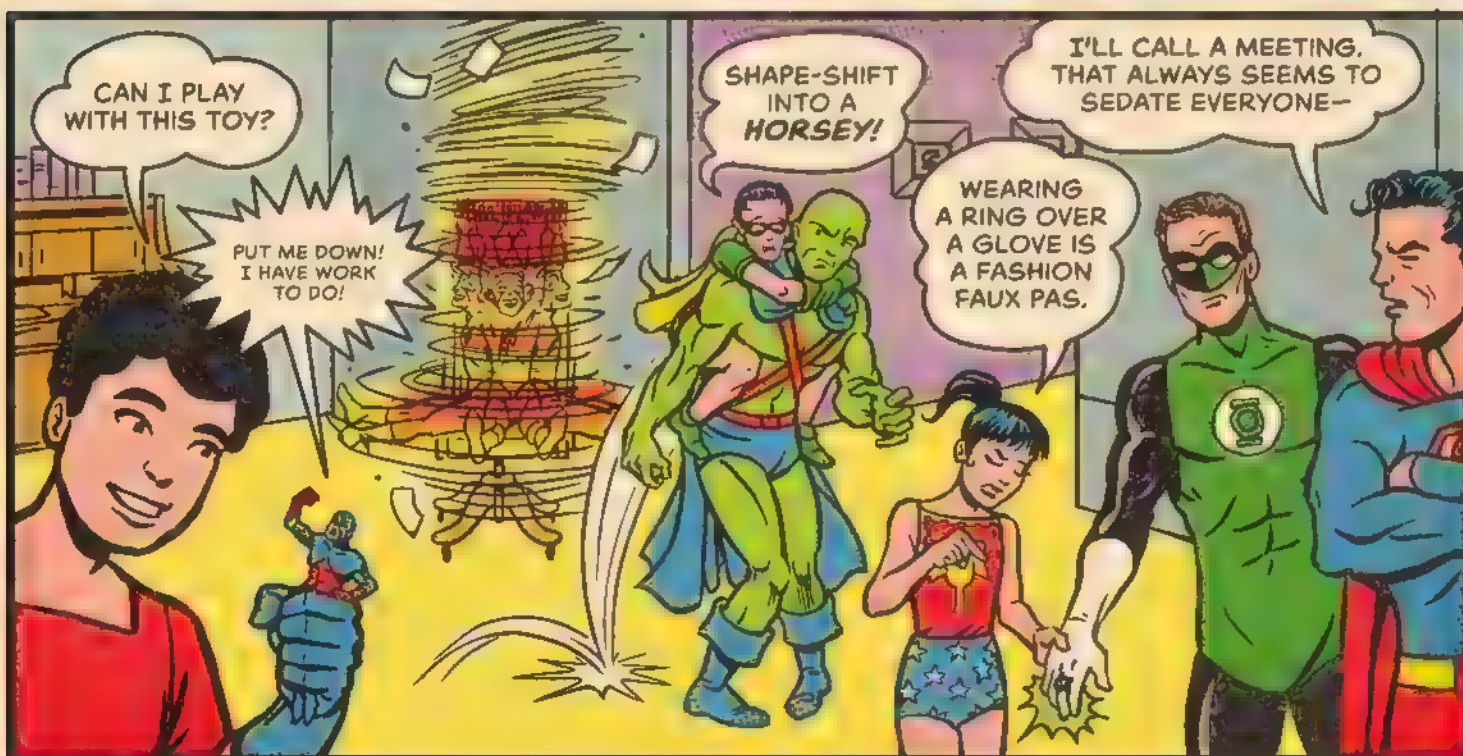


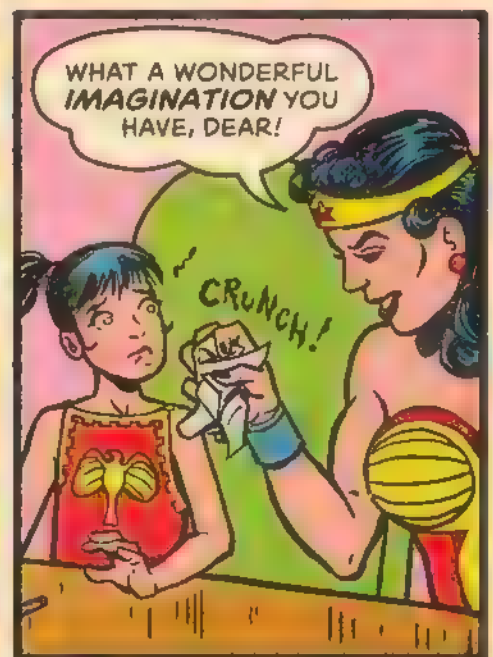
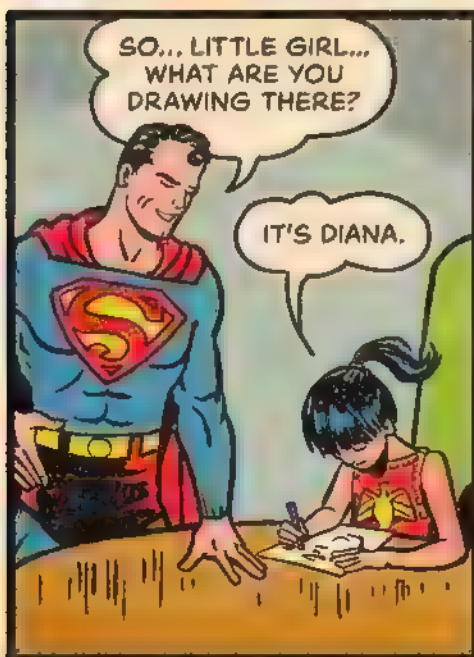
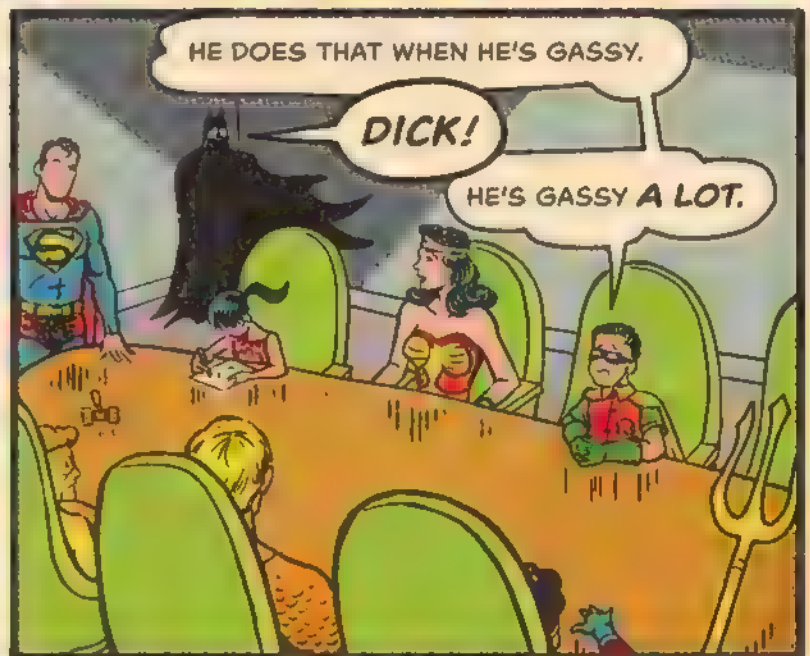
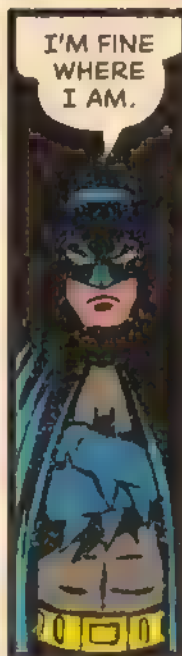
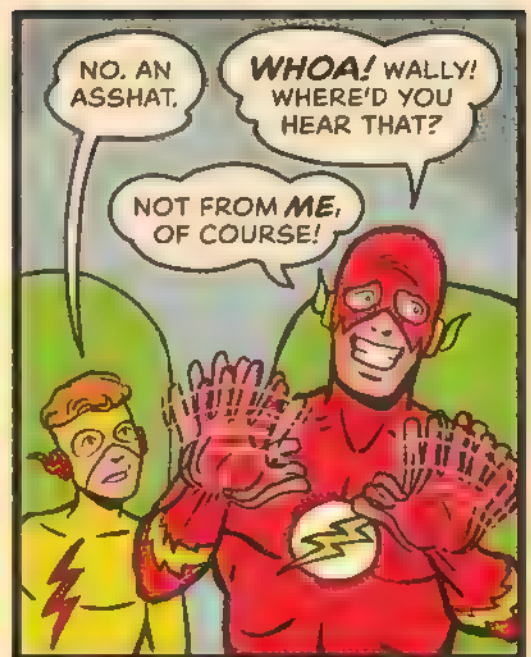
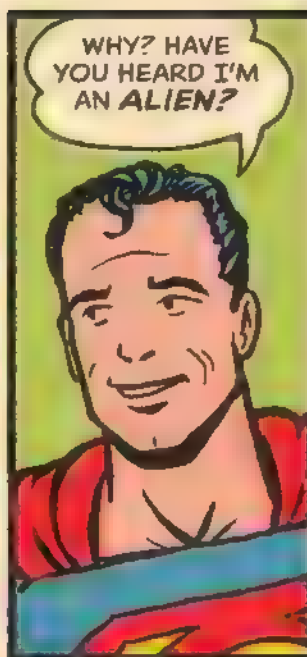
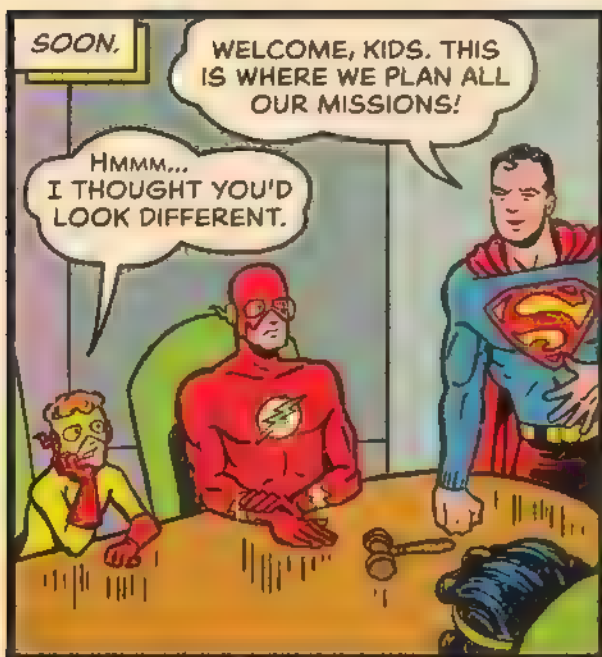


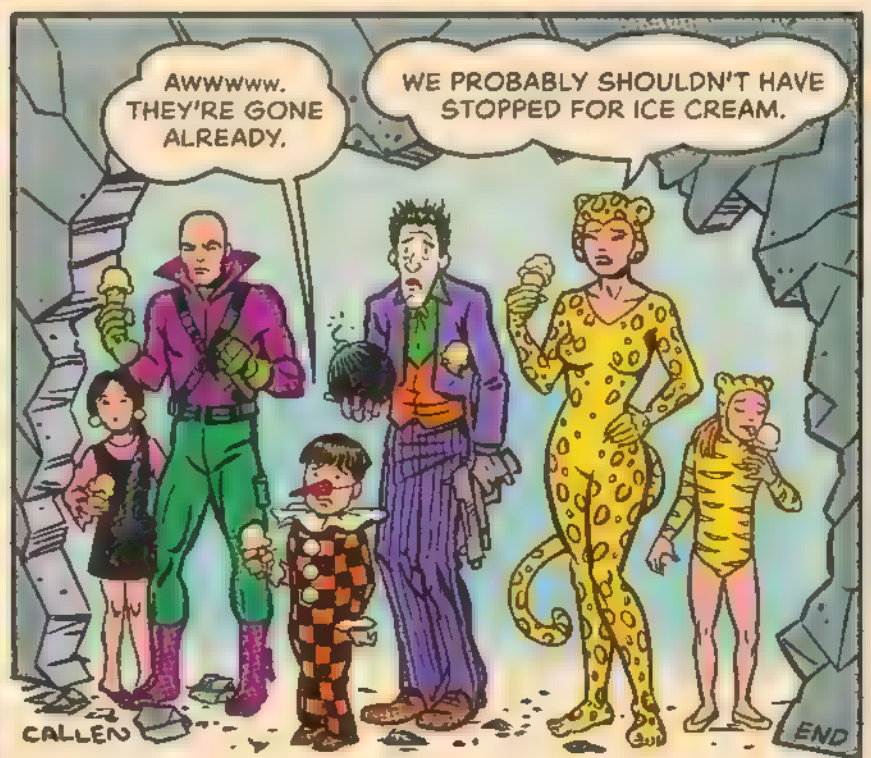
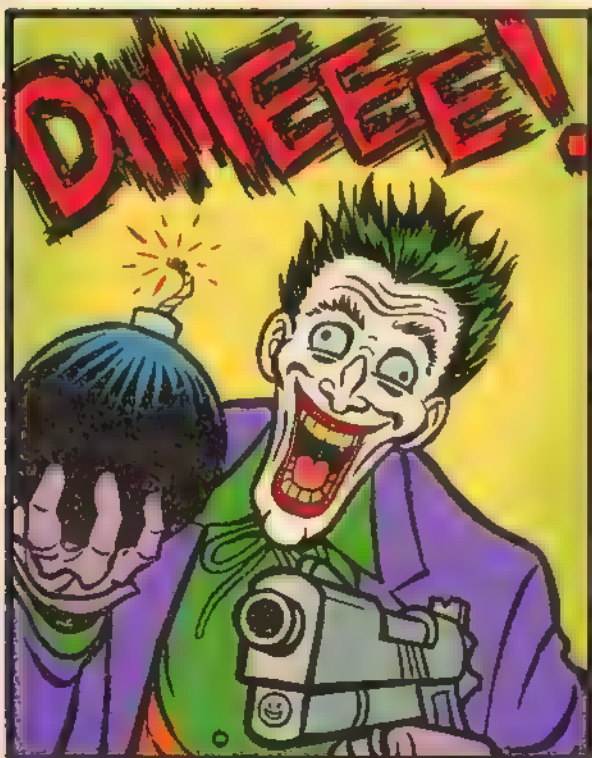
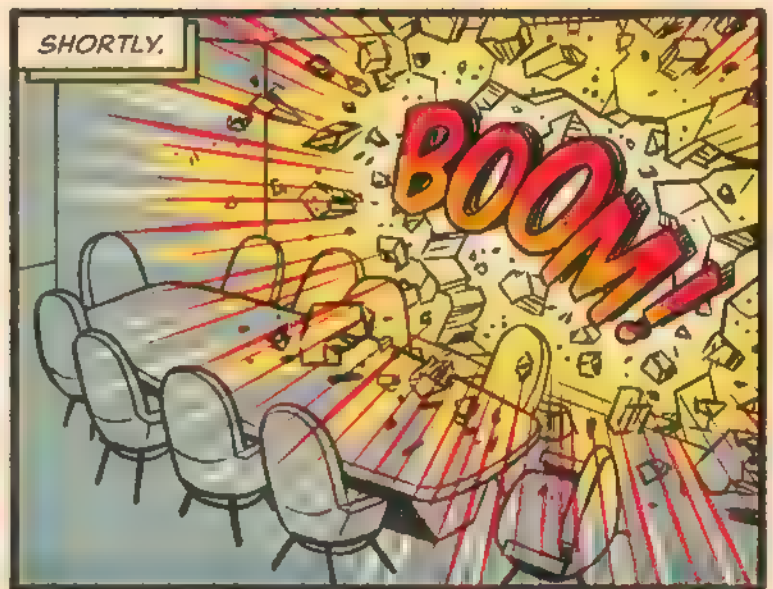
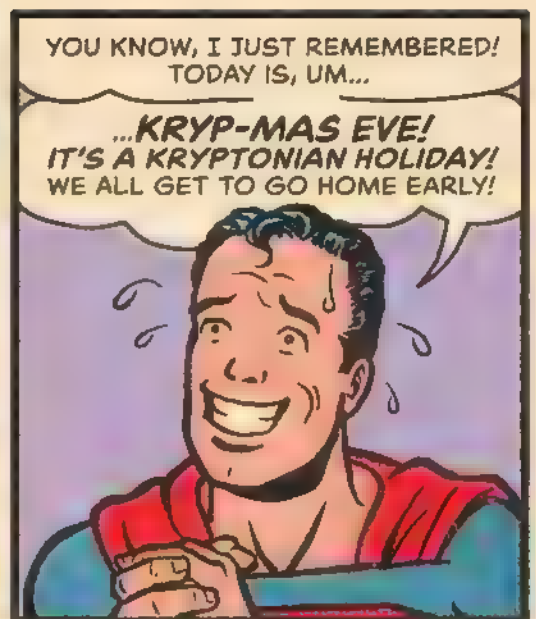


IT'S

BRING YOUR SIDEKICK TO WORK DAY!

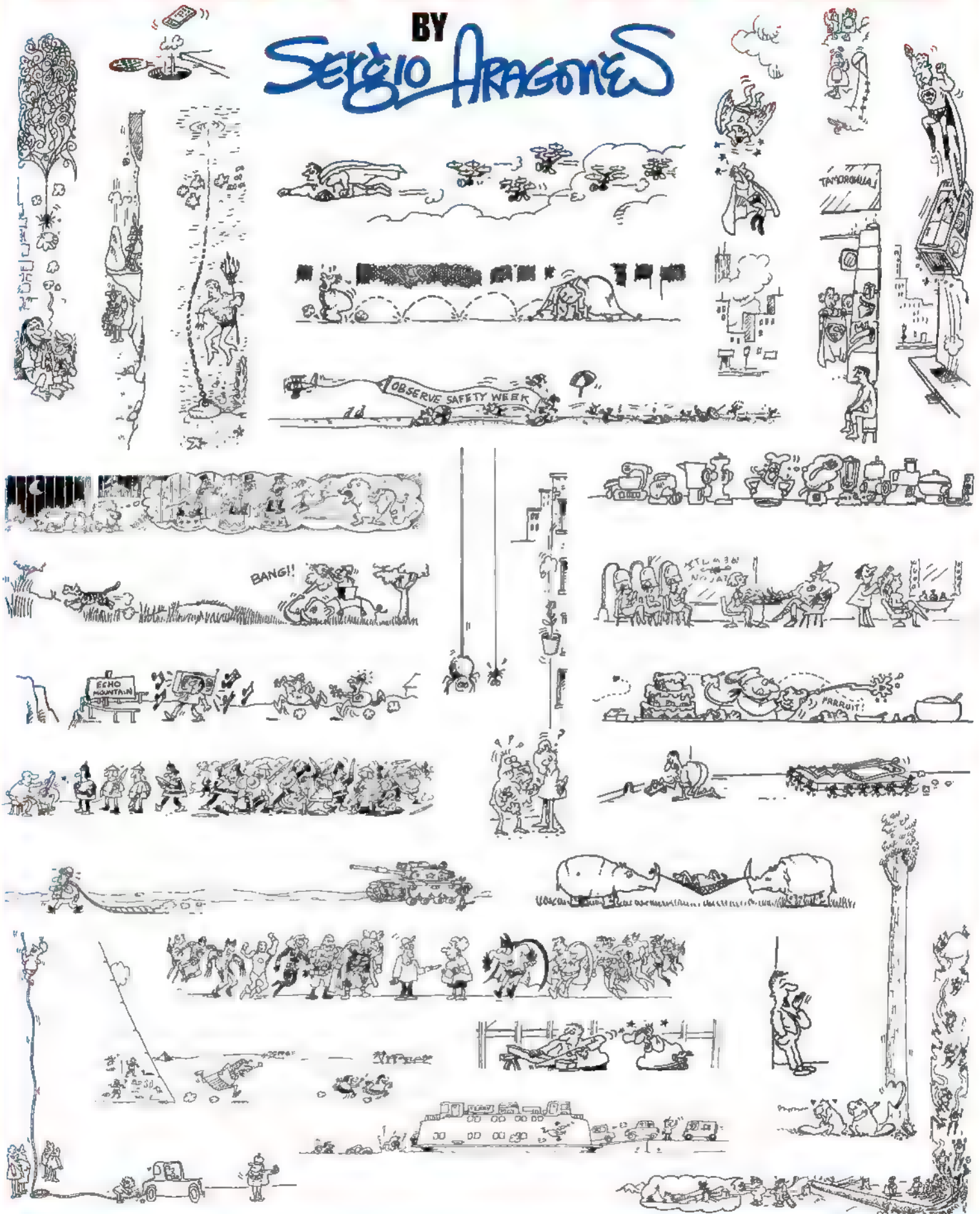






DRAWN OUT DRAMAS

BY
SERGIO ARAGONES





SUPER MARKETING DEPT.

He started out in the Thirties as a comic book hero. Then, he became the star of a movie serial, a radio show, a television series, a Broadway musical, and now...at last...he's the star of a multi-million dollar full-length feature motion picture! Look...up in the sky! It's a gold mine! It's a bonanza! It's...

SUPER

Prisoners of the planet, Krapton—do you have anything to say before we pass sentence...?

You don't frighten us! We're going to beat this rap!

You are each hereby sentenced to 453 years at hard labor!

Hear that?! I told you we'd beat the rap! I thought we'd get "Life" for sure!!

Fellow Council members, stop what you're doing! I have something of vital importance to say!

Attention! Jaw-Wel, the sage of Krapton, is about to speak...!

What does the huge "S" on his shirt stand for?

It stands for many things... "Smartness," "Sobriety," "Sanity"...

Our planet is doomed! We will all be destroyed in 24 hours!

...and also "SCHMUCK"!



Come on!! Buzz off with your Doomsday talk, Jaw-Wel!

No...! We must listen to what he says!

Not ME!! What could his words be worth?!

Let's see... he's getting \$3 million for 15 minutes work on this film! I would say about \$20,000 a word!

I'll listen! I'LL LISTEN!

This planet mustn't die! Ours is the most advanced civilization in the Galaxy!

You call THAT the products of an advanced civilization?!

You mean somebody ELSE has invented the hula hoop?

Not only that, but you know those "Davy Crockett" hats we're working on...

DUPERMAN



Our planet will be destroyed any minute now, Lurer! So we must save our Son! I'm wrapping him in crystal, and sending him off to Earth! He must land safely and, above all, he must not attract attention!

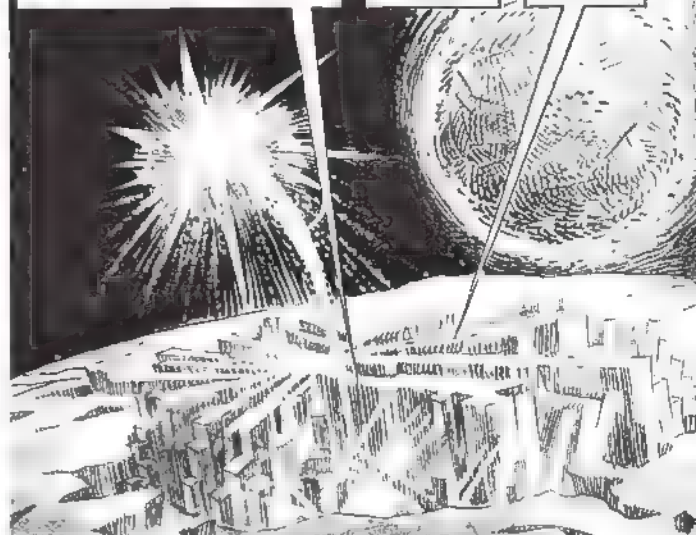
You're sending him there in a CHANDELIER, and you don't want him to attract attention?!!?

I'm aiming him for the ceiling of the Radio City Music Hall! It's a million-to-one shot... but it just might work!

Farewell, my Son! May the gods be with you! Use your incredible strength and wisdom for the good of all humanity, and keep warm in your crystal baby bunting, your crystal booties and your crystal Pampers!!

Lurer, he's going to have an adventure you won't believe!

He's going to have a DIAPER RASH you won't believe!



WRITER LARRY SIEGEL ARTIST MORT DRUCKER

As soon as I fix this flat, Maw, we'll take off for town and... Well, I'LL BE!!

Look... up in the sky! It's a bird!
It's a plane!

It's a... CHANDELIER?!?
Seems to be a SLOGAN in there somewhere, Paw... but I think the PUNCH-LINE still needs work!!

Look, Paw!! The thing has landed, and a tiny creature is getting out! You can see he's not one of us, and he's got a strange look in his eyes! Like he's ready to take over the WHOLE WORLD!

My God! It's a naked invader!

No, you dummy! It's only a little baby!!



Aw, Paw!
An't he
the cutest
little
thing?!?

He sure is! Gi'me a minute to finish
fixing this flat, and we'll be on our—

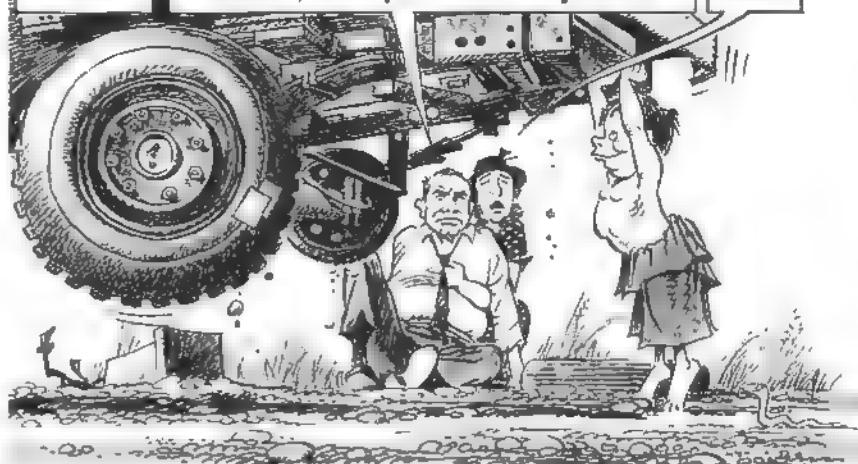
Good Lord!! The JACK is slipping! Maw!!
Help me! I'm gonna be crushed to death!!



Paw, look
what he's
doing! Can
we adopt
him?!?

We sure can! Now why don't we go into town,
and by him some formula and a Teddy Bear—
then sell our horse and ox and find us the
teeniest, tiniest plow harness they make?!

Paw
Kennt!
You're
all
heart!



What
will
we
call
our
new
Son,
Paw?

I figured
we'd name
him after
someone
who's very
near and
dear to us!

You mean our
prize CHICKEN?

Who else?! The
name shore has
a nice ring to
it, don't it?
CLUCK KENNT!!



'Bye Mom
and Dad!
Sorry I
had to
eat and
fly...
but I'm
late for
school!

Cluck has shore
grown into a
fine young man,
huh Paw! You
think his class-
mates find it
strange... the
way he goes
to school...?

You kidding? You
see what kids are
smoking nowadays?
They all go that
way! I hear the
Senior Class had
twelve mid-air
collisions last
week alone!



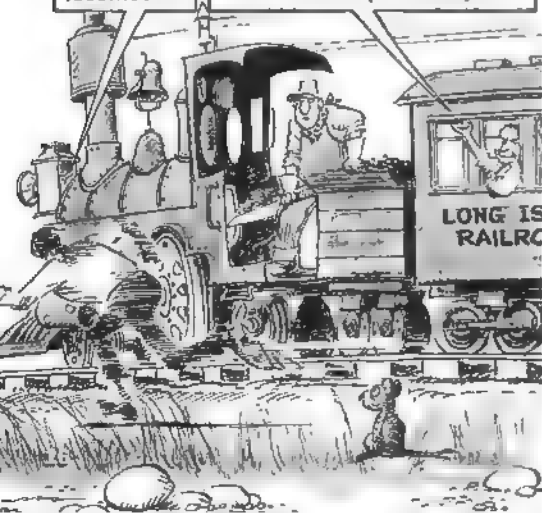
How
far did
I kick
the ball,
Dad?

Nine and a half miles,
Son! But that was
WITH the WIND! Keep
working on it! You'll
do a lot better!



Look, Dad!
I'm out-
racing a
speeding
locomotive!

Big deal! This is the Long
Island Railroad! Some folks
WALK faster than it! But
you're getting there, Son,
and I'm real proud of you!



Oh, Spirit
of my dead
Father! Why
have you
called me
away from
my adopted
parents?!?

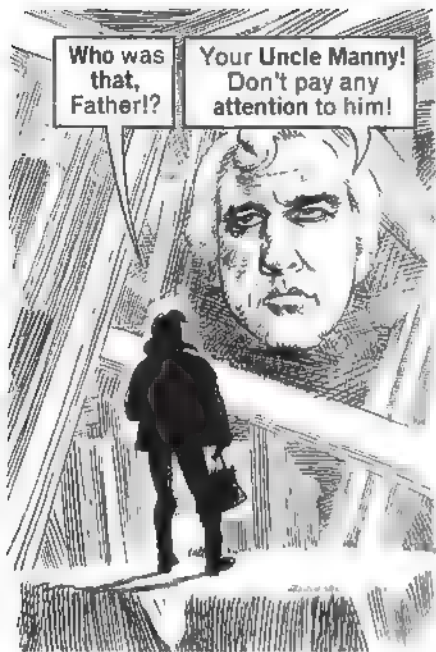
To tell you, my Son,
that you have come
of age now... and
the time has come
to make use of your
great gifts for the
benefit of Mankind!

I under-
stand,
Father!
How
shall
I do
that?

The secret is in
the crystals that
came with you from
the planet Krapton!
Remember, my Son!
All knowledge...
all strength... all
power is in crystal!

FORGET
crystal,
my boy!
Go into
PLASTIC!
That's
where the
money is!





Who was that, Father!?

Your Uncle Manny! Don't pay any attention to him!



And now... into my costume... and off to Metropolitan City! Up... up... and away!



Hello! You must be Berry Blight, the Editor here at the "Daily Planetoid"! I'm mild-mannered Cluck Kennt, your new Reporter!

Holy Cow...! These office elevators are fast! As soon as I stepped into yours, I was up here in a flash!

Kennt... we're on the GROUND FLOOR here! You stepped into a broom closet!!

No wonder that lady with the funny hair wouldn't talk to me! She must've been a MOP!



Cluck... this is Lotus Lain, one of my Ace Reporters!

Listen, Lotus... he's a nice kid, but he's a square! He's also rather insecure! I think he can use a lot of ego-building!

Trust me, Chief! Take me to lunch, Four-Eyes!

Hey... that's really puffing up the old ego!!



Sure nice of you to have lunch with me, Miss Lain!

Okay, Lady... hand over your purse and nobody gets hurt!

Cluck... he's got a GUN!

Stand aside, Miss Lain! I know exactly how to handle creeps like this!



Here's the purse you wanted, Creep!

Hey, I could have done THAT, you silly pantywaisted twerp! Good-bye!!

But you heard what he said! If we give him the purse, nobody gets hurt! I didn't want to get hurt, did you? Pain is so icky-poo!

What the?!? I've heard of bullet-proof VESTS... but a bullet-proof CHEST?!? Le'me out of here!!

BLAM! BLAM!



What's going on?!? Give me the whole story!

It's Lotus Lain! She was with some silly, pantywaisted twerp, and—

AFTER that! AFTER that!

She was getting into a Helicopter and it blew up and skidded off the edge of the roof! She fell out and she's just hanging there! See...?

Looks like it's finally time to go into action! I must find a place to change into my costume!



Pardon me, Sir... but are you almost finished with your call...?

Scram, Buddy!! This ain't no telephone booth!!

Heh-heh! Sorry!

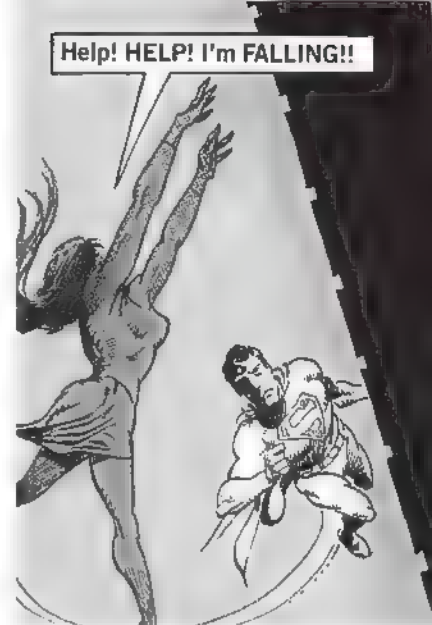
I'm so nervous, I don't know what I'm doing! I better change on the way...!



Look... up in the sky! It's a bird!

It's a plane!

Nahh! It's just some weirdo in a cape who's probably late for a party on Fire Island!



Help! HELP! I'm FALLING!!

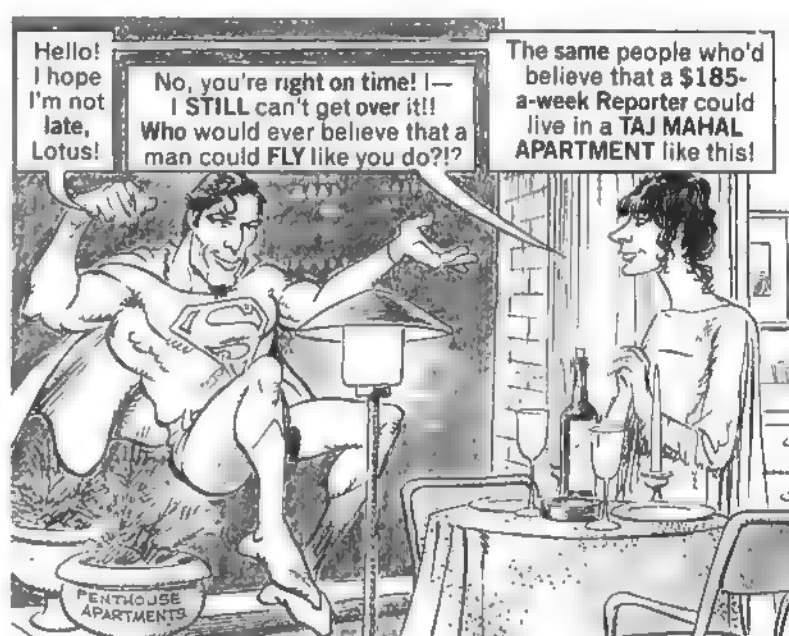


You—you saved my life!! Who are you? Where do you come from?

From a strange land, Ma'am! A place whose people and customs are totally alien to civilization as we know it today!

Oh! The BRONX, huh? Listen, if you're not doing anything tomorrow night, why don't you drop by my place?

It's a DATE, Ma'am!!



Hello! I hope I'm not late, Lotus!

No, you're right on time! I—I STILL can't get over it!! Who would ever believe that a man could FLY like you do?!

The same people who'd believe that a \$185-a-week Reporter could live in a TAJ MAHAL APARTMENT like this!



Y'know, if you were wearing glasses, you'd look exactly like someone I know, but I can't quite think who...!

Lotus, I realize that some people DO look alike, but... heh-heh believe me, there is nobody you know with glasses who looks like me! NOBODY...!

I got it!! Henry Kissinger!

Except him!!

You're fantastic! From now on, I'm going to call you "Superduperman"!

Great! And I'm going to call you "Old Eagle Eye"!

What a night! When did a mere mortal ever soar through the clouds, holding on to a god before?!

Probably the last time somebody flew 20,000 feet in the air without an OXYGEN MASK!!





It's been a very exciting evening, Lotus, hasn't it? But before I leave, there's something I've been wanting to do all night, and I just can't wait any longer, so—

Lotus... I want to shake your hand and sincerely thank you from the bottom of my heart for being such a swell date!

What a SUPER GOD...!

What a SUPER DUD!!



Cluck... I just got a tip that Lox Looter, the arch-criminal, is about to pull off a caper that will destroy the entire West Coast!

Didn't you just send Lotus to the Coast on a special assignment?

Yes, and if anything happens to that wonderful girl because of me, I'll throw myself out the window, and...

Mr. Blight, we're on the Ground Floor!

...I'll sprain my ankle so badly, you won't believe it!



Listen to me, Onus, my stupid henchman, and Evil, my sexy girlfriend! I, Lox Looter, am about to pull off the most fiendish act in the history of crime... heh-heh... chortle!!

Tell me, Boss, why are you always wreaking vengeance on the world??

It all began 13 years ago when I was turned down for one of the arch-villains on the "Batman" TV Series—for being too boring! But, I'll show 'em!! I'll show 'em, NOW! NOBODY CAN STOP ME!



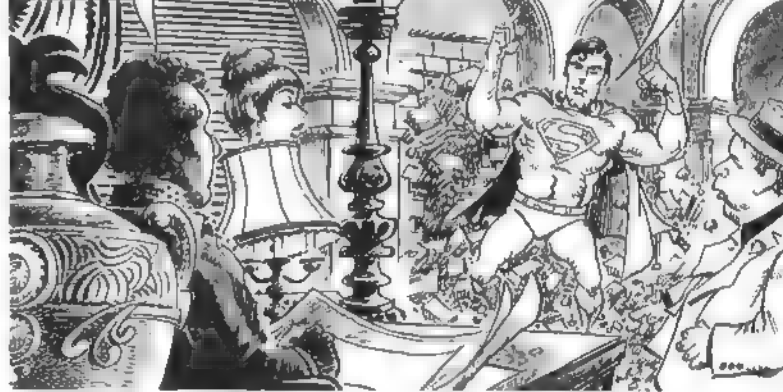
"Nobody" is a mighty big word, Lox!

It's Superduperman! But you're too late, my friend! In a few minutes, a 500-megaton bomb will zoom across the country, strike the San Andreas fault, cause a mighty earthquake, and send California into the sea!!

Lox, I plan to stop you... and have you thrown into jail!

On WHAT CHARGE??

Well... for starters, there's always "Pre-Meditated Mischief"!!



Don't fight me, Lox! You know there's nothing on this planet that's a match for my super-duper strength!

Oh? How about something from ANOTHER planet, like this piece of Kraptonite, f'rinstance...

No! No! Anything but that!

Starting to get all mushy inside? Starting to get weak in the knees? This Kraptonite is taking its toll, right, "Stupidman"?!

Right! And the broad in the Bikini isn't exactly HELPING THINGS!!



Hang in there, Superduperman! I'll save you! Hang in there!

Evil, why are you doing this? You're LOX's girl! He's been sleeping with you for years!!

I know! And just ONCE, I'd like to find me a guy who'll STAY AWAKE!



Thanks for saving my life, Evil! Now I must save Lotus and the entire West Coast! Hey... you just kissed me!

Good luck, "Inferior-Man"!

Wait a minute! How come you called me "Inferiorman"?! I just kissed you!

There's the missile, just ahead of me... and it's headed right for the San Andreas fault!! I must STOP IT... before it's...



... TOO LATE!!

BOOM!



Good Lord! The West Coast is doomed by a gigantic earthquake that will cause a gigantic holocaust! Even Superduperman can't stop it now!!

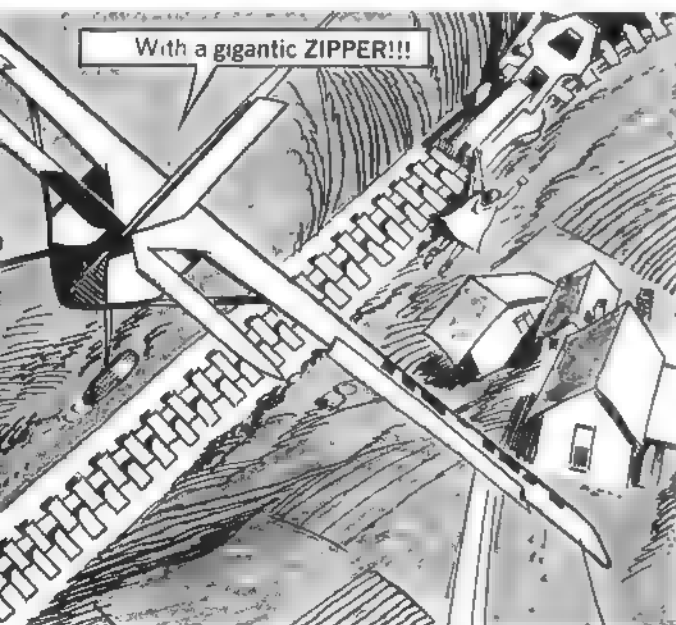
Wait! There IS a way he can stop it!

You mean??

Of course...

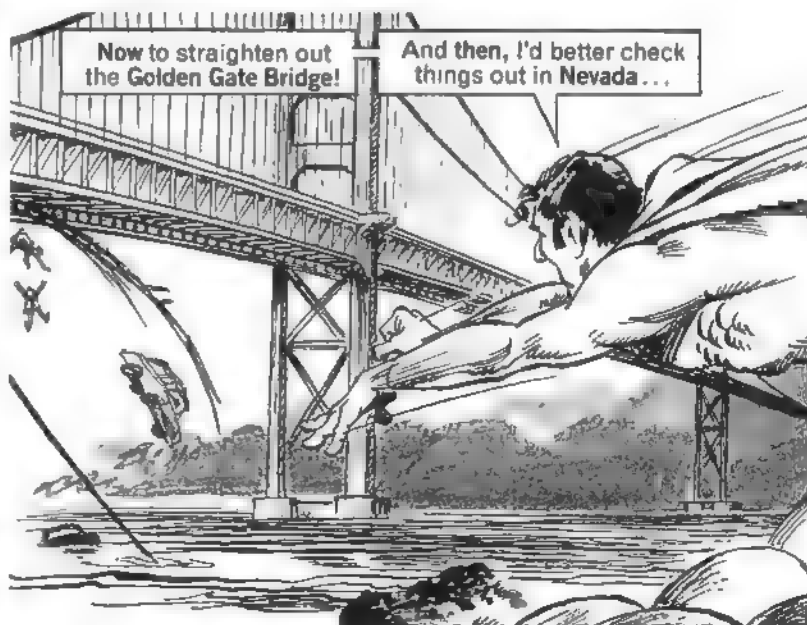


With a gigantic ZIPPER!!!



Now to straighten out the Golden Gate Bridge!

And then, I'd better check things out in Nevada...





There... I guess I patched up Hoover Dam pretty well!

But it looks like the quake hit Las Vegas pretty hard!!

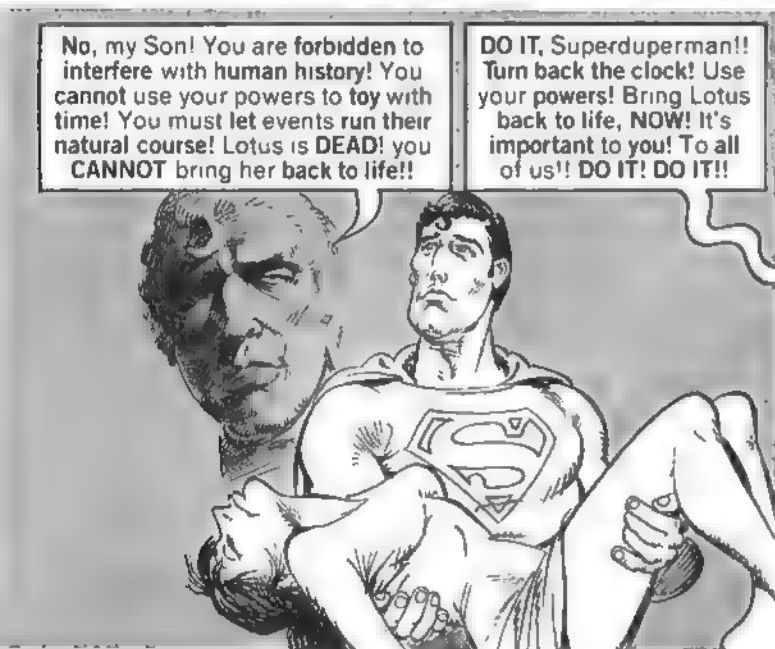
I must find Lotus...



Lotus! LOTUS! Speak to me!! Oh, God... she's DEAD! DEAD...!

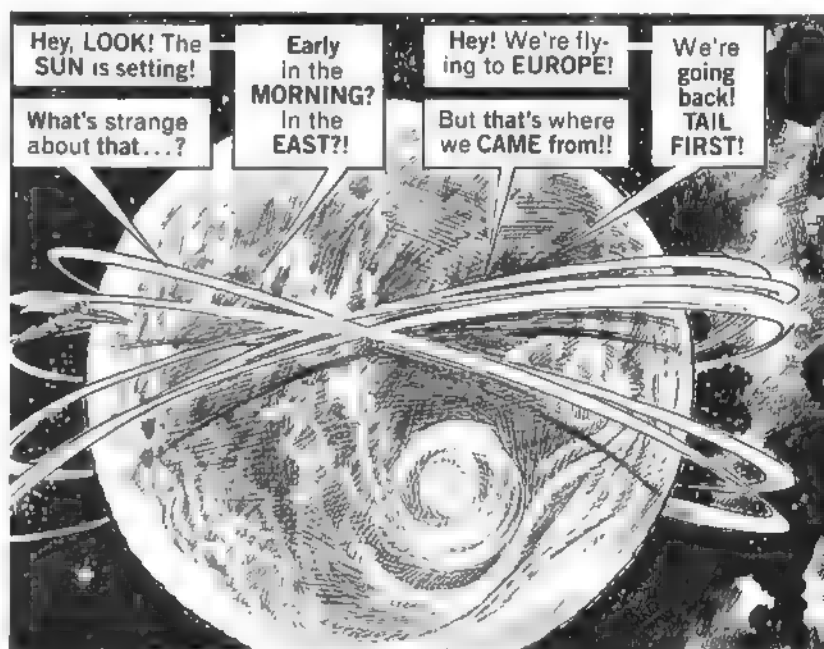
What can I do? I don't want to lose her!!

I know!! I'll TURN BACK THE CLOCK!!



No, my Son! You are forbidden to interfere with human history! You cannot use your powers to toy with time! You must let events run their natural course! Lotus is DEAD! you CANNOT bring her back to life!!

DO IT, Superduperman!! Turn back the clock! Use your powers! Bring Lotus back to life, NOW! It's important to you! To all of us!! DO IT! DO IT!!



Hey, LOOK! The SUN is setting!

What's strange about that...?

Early in the MORNING? In the EAST?!

Hey! We're flying to EUROPE!

But that's where we CAME from!!

We're going back! TAIL FIRST!



I—Im ALIVE!
I—I was DEAD, and now I'm ALIVE! How did you do it?

It was simple, Lotus! I merely spun the Earth backwards...

You turned back the clock?! But didn't you hear your Father's voice, warning you that you shouldn't?!?

Yes... but then I heard a chorus of other voices! They convinced me to do it!!



Who were they?

The Executives at Warner Brothers! They reminded me that without Lotus Lain, there's no "SUPERDUPERMAN II"!

COMING NEXT YEAR
SUPERDUPERMAN II

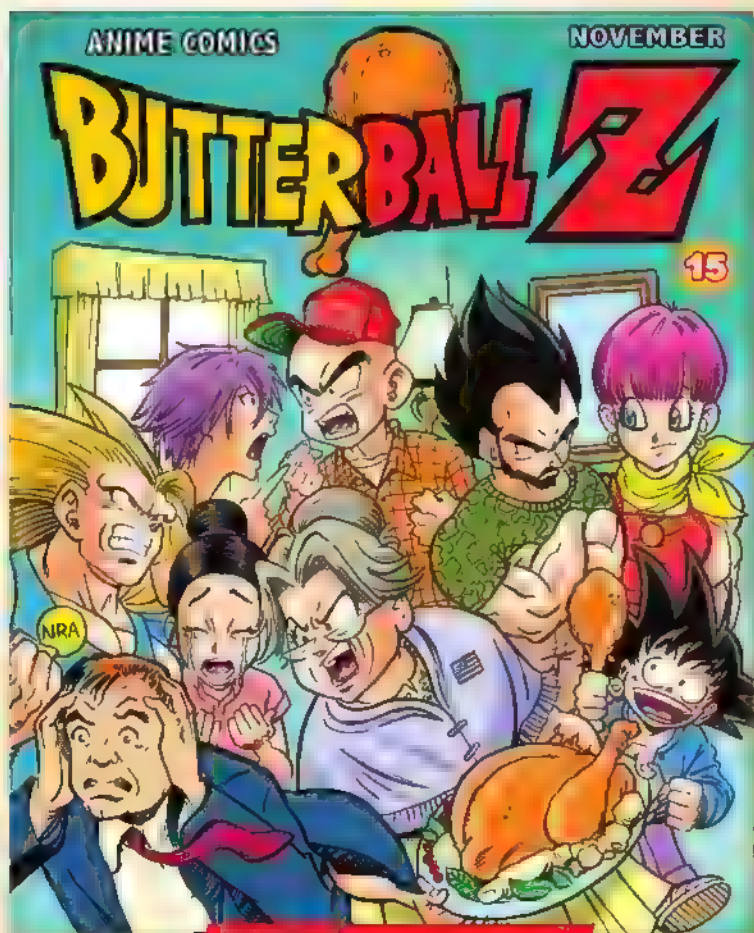


ESCAPE G.O.A.T. DEPT.

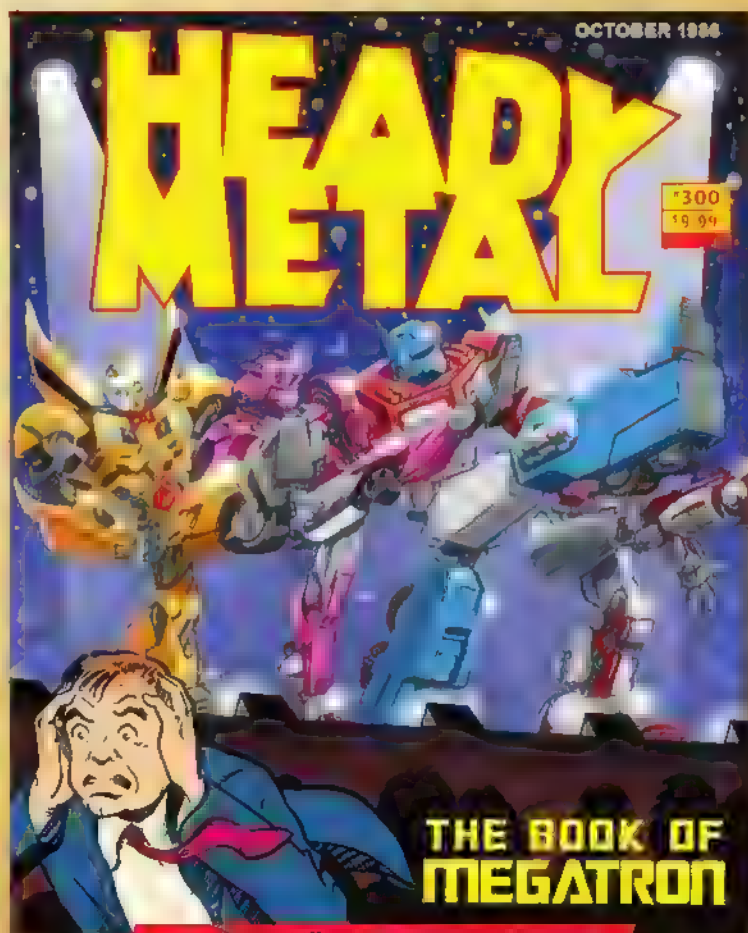
Action Comics #1 introduced two new heroes to the world in 1938: Superman and the nameless panicky dude holding his head and running off. Sure, Superman is slightly more famous—but Nameless Panicky Dude has also enjoyed an 80-year comic book career, as seen here in...

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE GUY ON THE COVER OF ACTION COMICS #1

WRITER DESMOND DEVLIN
ARTIST TOM RICHMOND



Enduring another Thanksgiving
with Fox News' Grandma



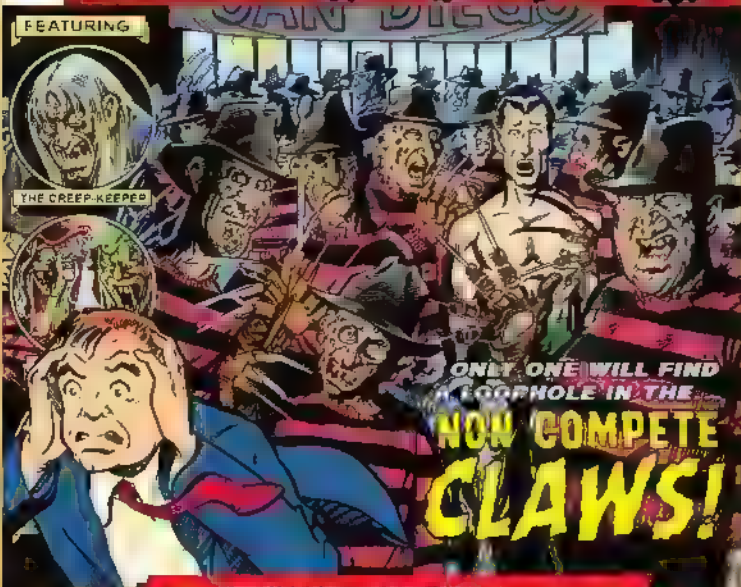
Sitting through the 15th schlocky Broadway
musical based on a mediocre movie

TERRIBLE

TALES FROM THE CREEPS

NO. 35

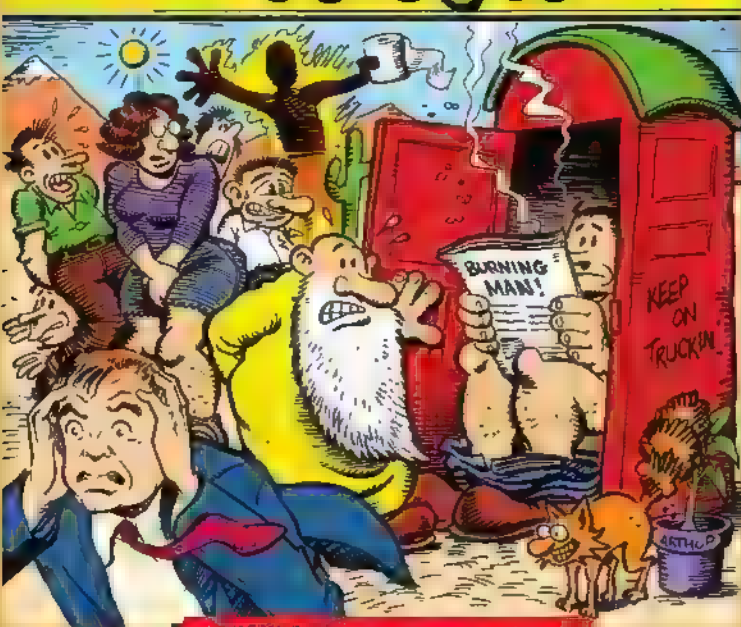
10¢



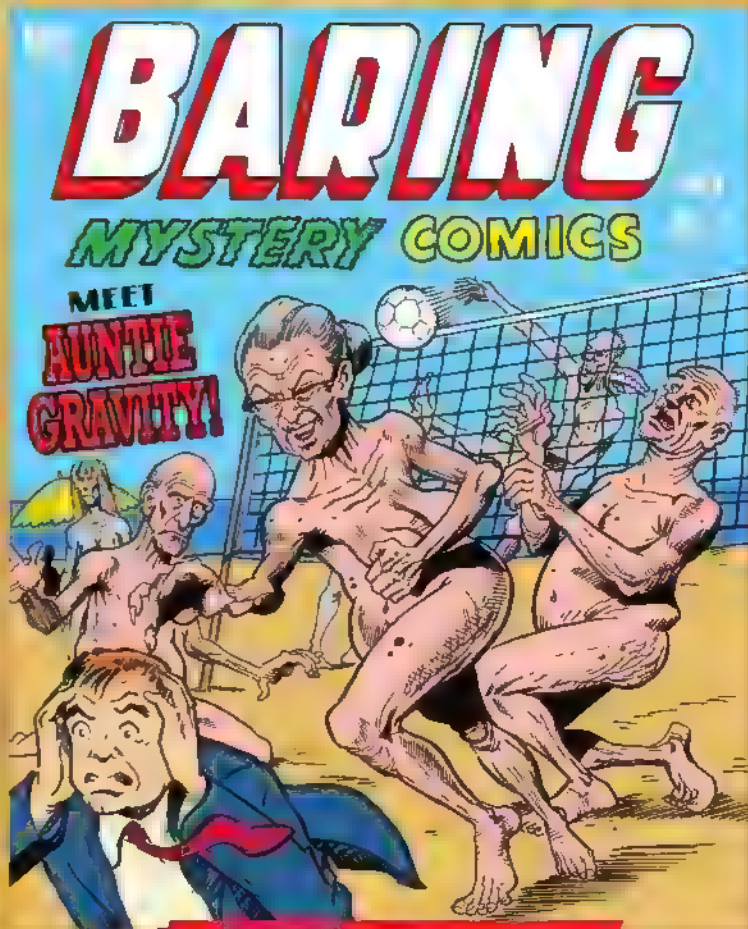
Attending the Comic-Con Cosplay Contest
that failed to suit a Freddy Krueger look!



Entering the singles speed-dating
event at the Hot Sauce Expo!



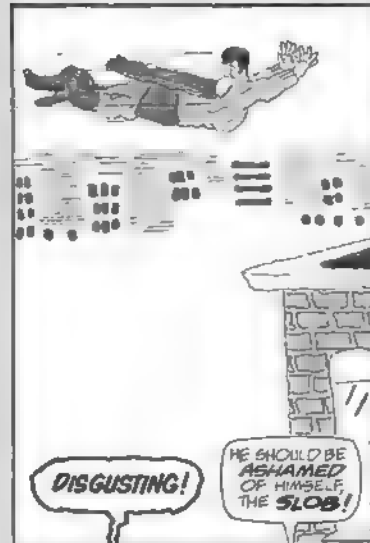
Squatting at the last semi-stable
Peele Potty at Burning Man!



Playing against the Octogenarian Nud
Naturalist Society volleyball team!

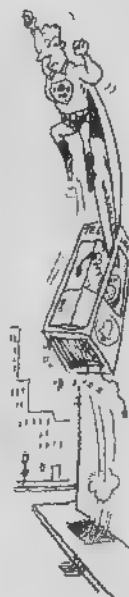
Duck Edwing looks at SUPERMAN

WRITER & ARTIST
DUCK EDWING





ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #276, JAN 1988





LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION COMICS! DEPT.

It's been seven years since the last Superman movie — and after *Man of Steel*, who knows when the next one will be! You can't wait that long! And frankly you shouldn't have to! But now you can break free of Hollywood's cruel limitations — much like Superman would break free of iron chains...or an itchy sweater...or an unjust cell phone contract, or...well, you get the idea. It's all in your hands now, thanks to...

MAD'S MAKE YOUR OWN MAN OF STEEL ADVENTURE



IN ORDER TO ESCAPE THE DESTRUCTION OF



SKYTOP



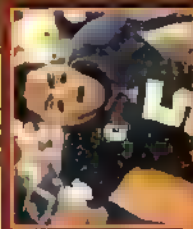
A MOM & POP
GROCERY STORE



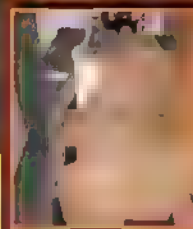
THE IRON TOWER



MANHATTAN'S "IRON"
TAME PIECE



MANHATTAN'S LOVE LIFE



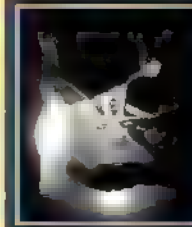
HIS PILLOW FORT



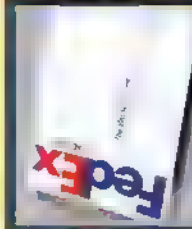
LARRY NAGMAN'S LEGACY



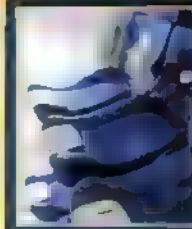
HIS CHICKENED
MISADVENTURE



A ROCKET



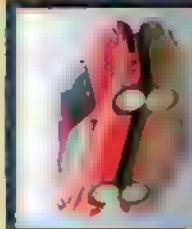
A FEDEX OVERNIGHT
ENVELOPE.



AN UNCOMFORTABLE
COACH SEAT.



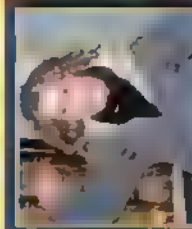
AN IRONIC ONE.



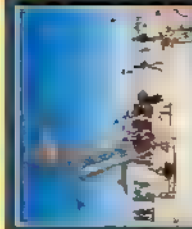
A MID-LEVEL
SPORTS SEDAN.



A NIGHTMARE
TOUR GROUP.



A WACKY MIX-UP WITH HIS
KOOKY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR.



TIME FOR BURNING MAN.



KANSAS



A CHUCK E. CHEESE
BALL PIT



LAX WITH A
TWO-MOUR LAWYER



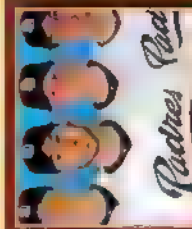
A MESS OF TROUBLE
WITH OL' BOSS MAG



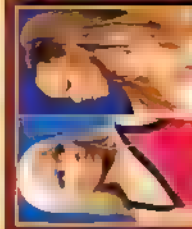
A PUDDLE OF
HIS OWN SICK



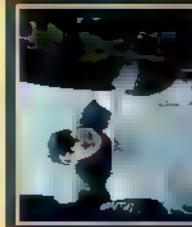
A TAYLOR SWIFT
REVENGE BALLAD



THE PADRES'
STARTING ROTATION



THE MIDST OF A
MICKI-MARTIAN FUD



SUPERPOWERS



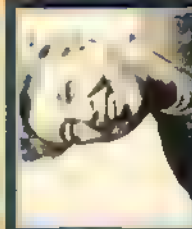
TESTE IN FOOTWEAR.



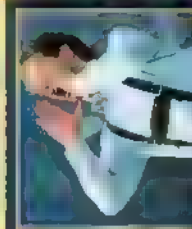
RECALL OF
HOCKEY SLUGGERS.



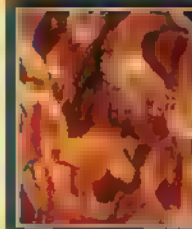
LOOK WITH CLAW HAMERS.



ETCHINGS OF
ELEANOR ROOSEVELT.



MODELING CHOPS.



SELF-DISCIPLINE
AROUND BACON.



BLADDER CONTROL

JOR-EL SENDS HIS SON TO EARTH IN

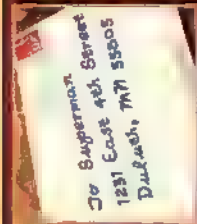
AFTER LANDING IN

IT IS DISCOVERED THE CHILD POSSESSES AMAZING

AND ALTHOUGH HE MAINTAINS A



SECRET IDENTITY



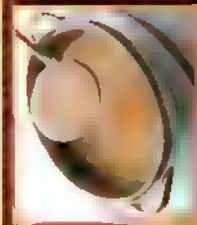
MAILING ADDRESS IN DULUTH



STRANGE TONGUES FOR CASHMERE



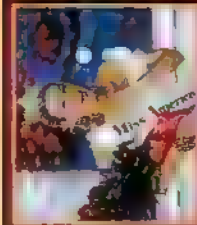
SMALL BUT CHARMING BED AND BREAKFAST



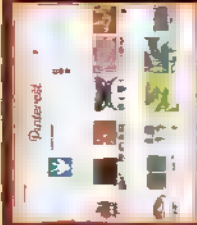
\$28-A-DAY BRAWNY MAMT



STRICTLY PLATONIC RELATIONSHIP WITH KESMA

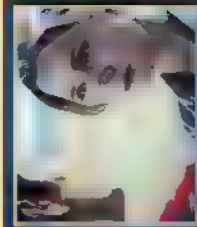


LIFESTYLE BEFITTING MISS AMERICA

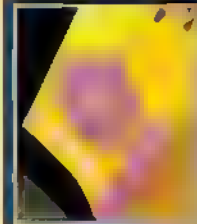


WARY DISTRUST OF PINTEREST

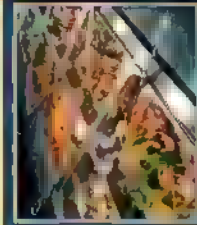
HE STILL STRUGGLES TO FIND HIS PLACE IN



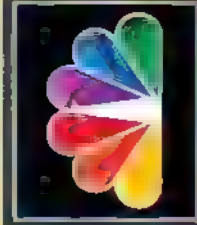
THIS WORLD



MRS COPY OF THE HELP



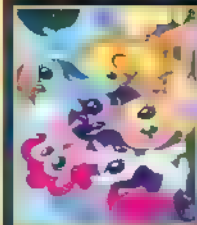
THE "ALL YOU CAN EAT" BUFFET LINE



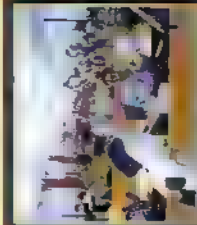
NBC'S THURSDAY NIGHT LINEUP



KALEY CUOCO'S INNER CIRCLE



THE "BRONY" COMMUNITY

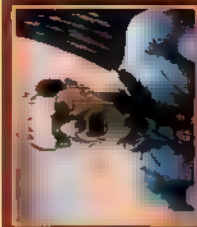


THE DAILY PLANET'S "HARLEM SNAKE" VIDEO

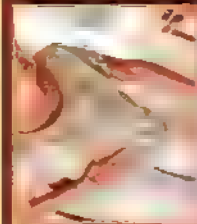


IKEA'S LAMP SECTION

BUT WHEN THE WORLD IS THREATENED BY



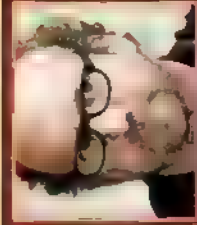
GENERAL ZOD



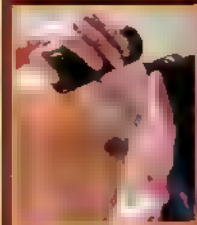
AN ALLERGIC REACTION TO GLUTEN



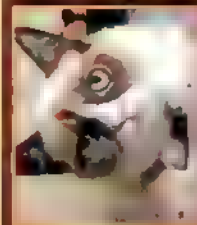
A LITIGIOUS DONALD TRUMP



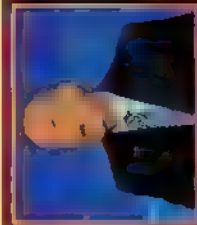
PAUL CIAMATTI'S SERIAL ADVANCES



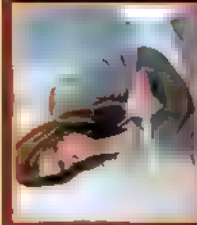
A NOXIOUS CLOUD OF AXE BODY SPRAY



THAT GUILTY CAT

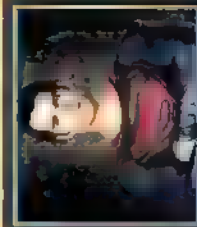


BILL O'REILLY ON AIR

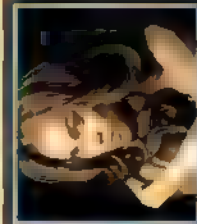


A TEEN MOM PREGNANCY SCARE

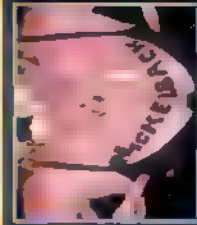
HE MUST BECOME



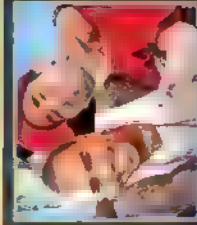
SUPERMAN



AMERICA'S NEXT TOP MODEL



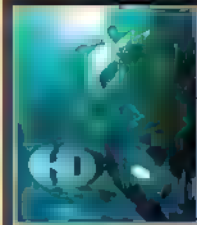
NICKELBACK'S BIGGEST FAN



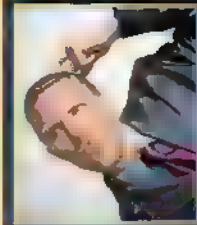
CHRIS BROWN'S FRIEND AND CONFIDANTE



THE NEW OSCARS HOST



THE ONE WHO SHALL NOT BE NAMED



BETTER WITH NAMES

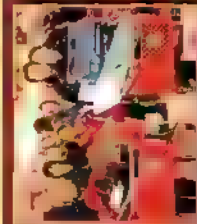


A DEAD-EYE WITH HORSESHOES

AND FIGHT FOR TRUTH, JUSTICE AND



THE AMERICAN WAY



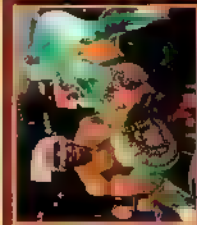
THE BEST BLACK FRIDAY DEALS POSSIBLE



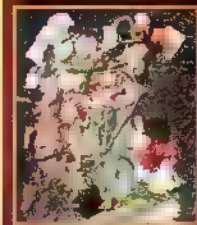
A FIRST ROUND DRAFT PICK TO BE NAMED LATER



AN ESPY



THE WHO WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP



STRICTER COMPOSTING LAWS



UNLIMITED TEXTING AND DATA



THE DISMISSAL OF THAT PARKING TICKET



I'm Spider-Sham! Welcome to MAD's look at *Stuporman Returns*! I know what you're thinking. why is Spider-Sham introducing a *Stuporman* movie? Easy! I've starred in two dynamite films that made a ton of money and they both were made in this century! The last *Stuporman* movie was more than 20 years ago! MAD needed a hipper superhero to get you to read their spoof! It will require all my Spidey powers! Why? Well, for one thing, Warner Brothers went way back into the archives and dredged up so much stuff from past *Stuporman* films that the new movie is more like...

STUP



We start at the beginning...and I'm talking about when *Stuporman's* in diapers! I guess they couldn't find footage of his mother in stirrups giving birth or they would have gone back further!

Why are we sending our only child to earth? They're primitives. They're thousands of years behind us.

We've been over this a thousand times! As much as we've tried, we've never been able to get a babysitter up here! On earth they're all over the place! So we send the kid away and we finally get to go out for a change!



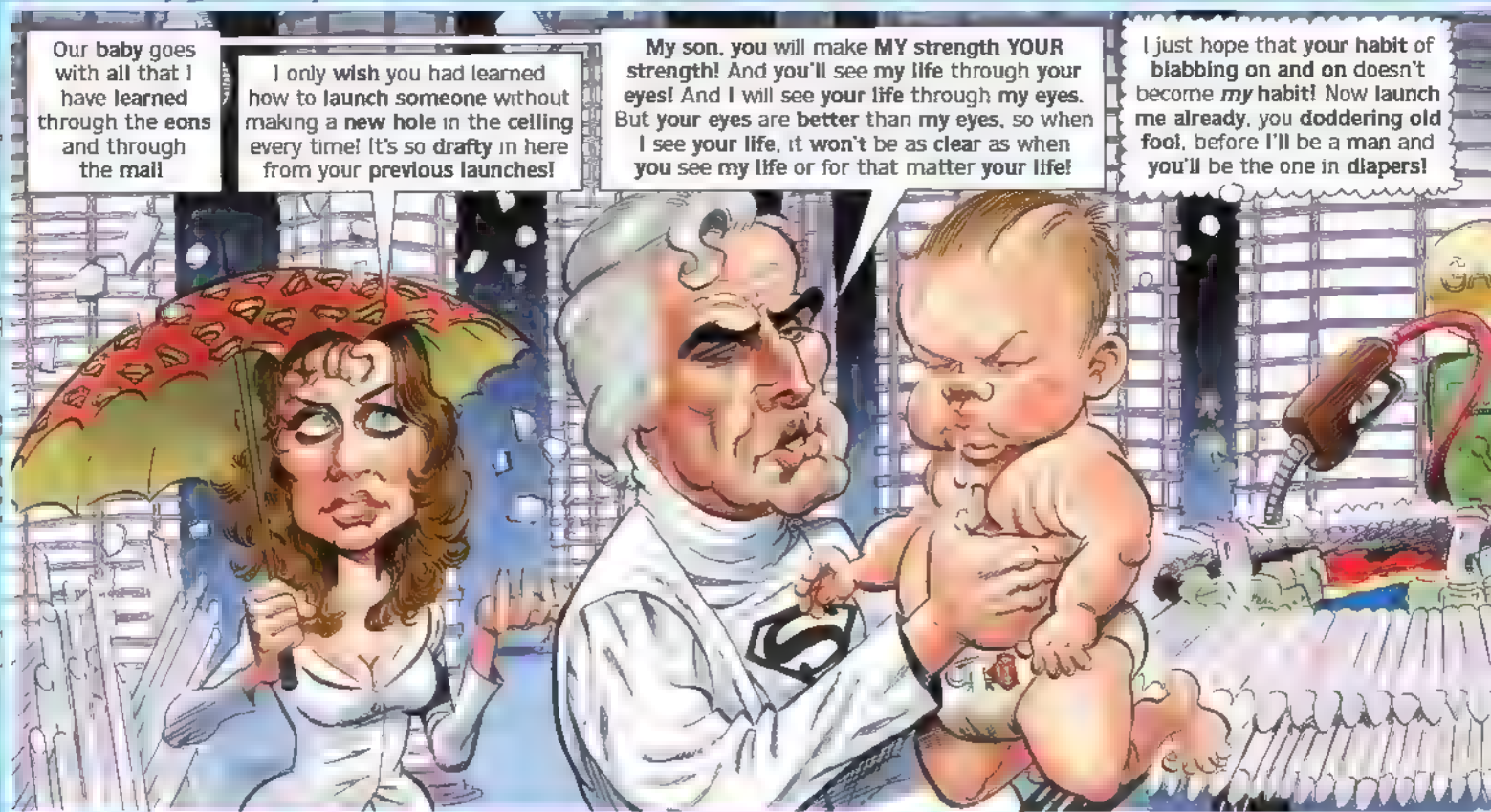
Stuporman came to earth and became a savior of the people, doing incredible deeds for humanity!

I thought my time was up, but you saved me, *Stuporman*!

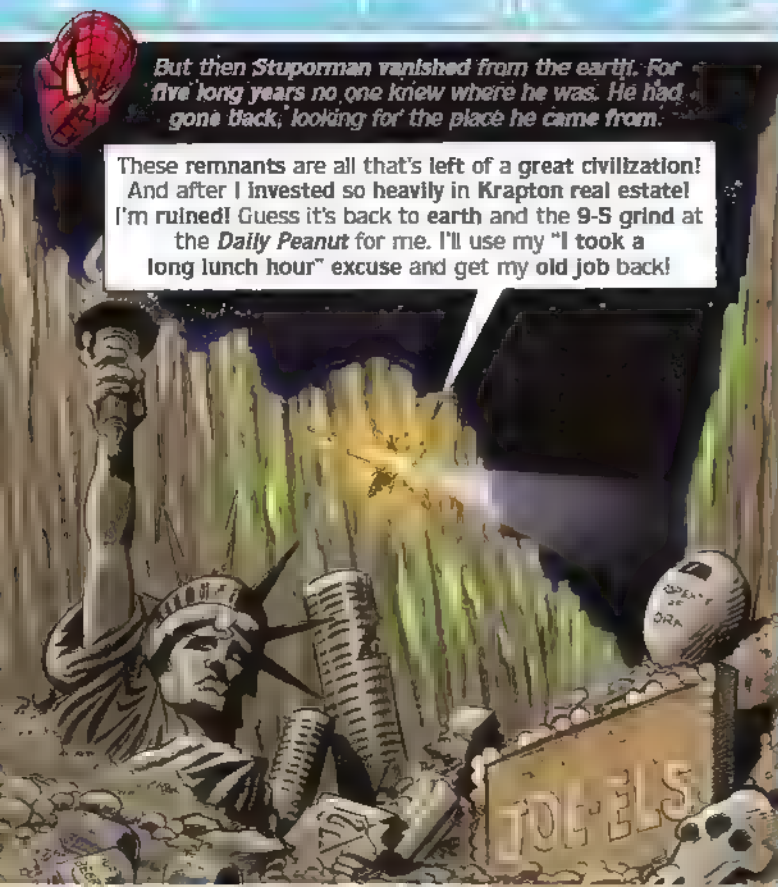
It was my pleasure, madam — and you don't even have to repay the dime I put in the parking meter! You have plenty of time now! Enjoy it!



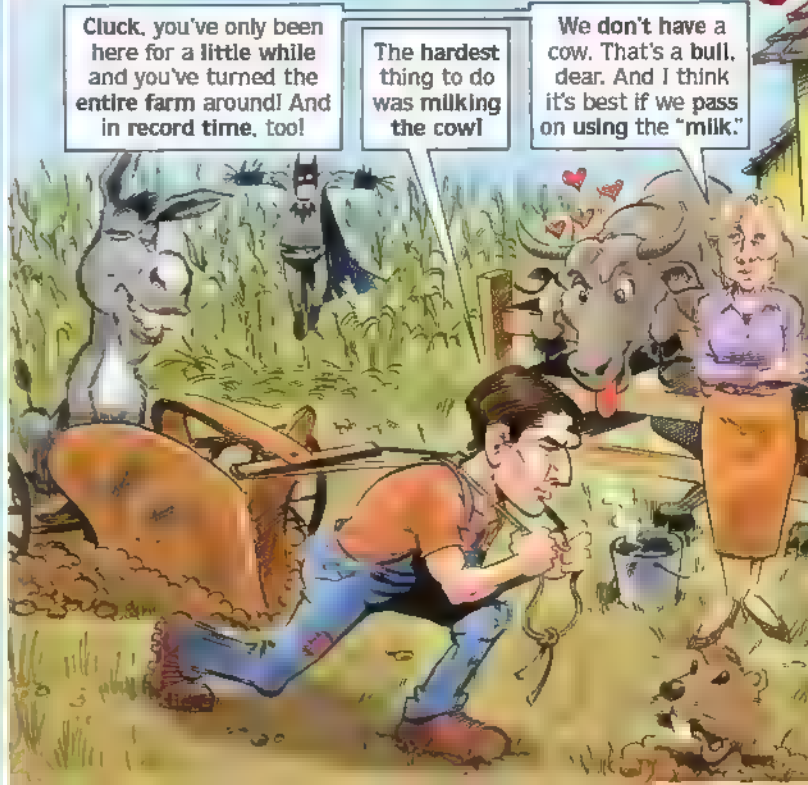
ORMAN RERUNS!



WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST TOM RICHMOND



So the Man of Steel came back to Earth and landed in a run-down farm But it wasn't run down for long as Stuporman unleashed his powers.





So not only do the writers dig up Stuporman's beginning again, they can't even think up a new villain. So they drag out Lets Looter, his villain from past movies, TV shows and comic books! But this time, Lets Looter has a brand new diabolical plan. Take away Stuporman's power by exposing him to Kraptonite! Wow! Okay, so it's not a new plan! Did you really expect something new?

Now that that old bag Gertrude VastWealth has kicked off, I've inherited everything she had!

You did right by her, boss! You extended her life by keeping her hooked up to that medical machine!

That machine is what killed her! I injected her with anti-freeze for three years and she still died a frigid old broad! But getting rid of her and inheriting this mega-yacht was part of my plan! Now I have a way to find a load of Kraptonite, the thing Stuporman fears most! Well, outside of the reviews of this movie!

I'm glad the old bag is dead! It was humiliating pretending to be a maid and sneaking around the mansion so I could be your mistress! With her dead, I can be your mistress right out in the open! But hopefully we can still make love in the closet! It's so kinky!



Meanwhile back at the Daily Peanut, news of Superman's return is everywhere...

You call this a headline that will grab attention? "What's-his-name is back?" I'm trying to sell newspapers and you're no help. Locust!

I gave you a million dollar idea to help you sell newspapers. Perkyl! Put them on newsstands!

Hmm...sell newspapers on newsstands. It's crazy, but it just might work! ...And don't call me chief! Oh, sorry. You didn't call me chief. Everything else around here is so retreaded, I assumed you would!



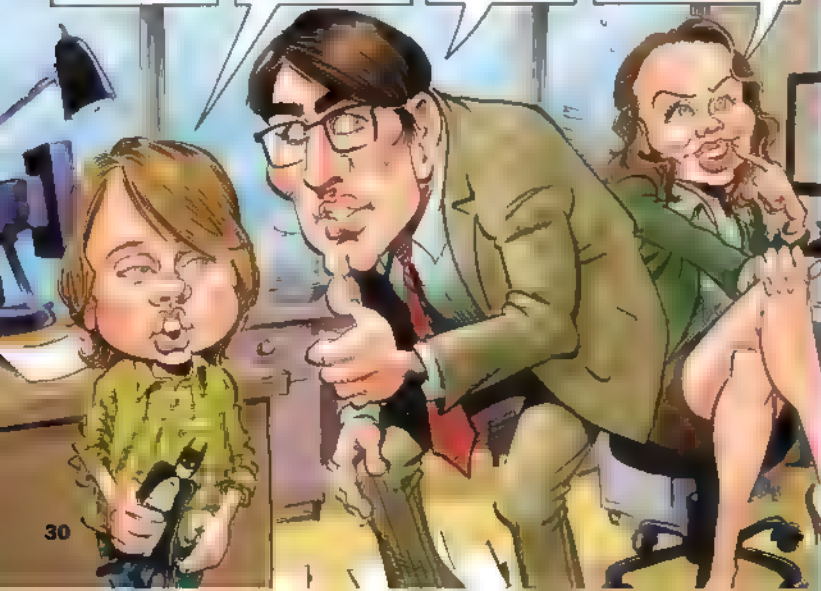
Upon his return to the Daily Peanut, Cluck faces the harsh reality that the woman he loves, Locust Lane, has moved on with her life.

So you're Jason. Locust's son...I'm a dear, close friend of your mom's. She probably told you about me dozens of times!

She never ever mentioned you. And she mentions everyone! She's one of the most boring mothers on earth!

Locust, be honest. Don't you miss that guy that used to sweep you off your feet and take you high up in the sky?

Why should I? I married a different guy who takes me high in the sky. I married a pilot! I'm still working on getting him to wear spandex, though! I do miss that. A lot!

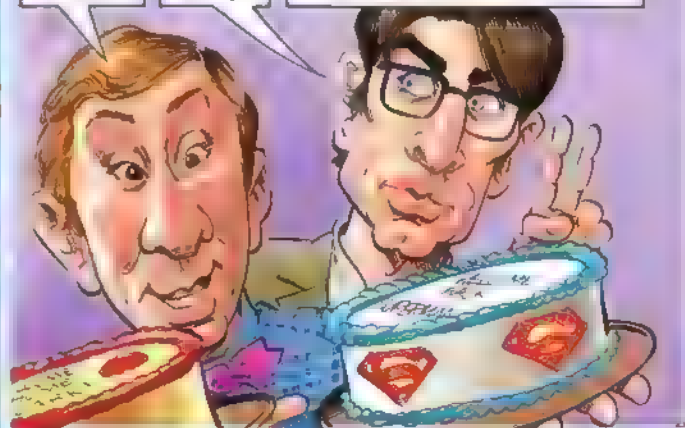


And while we're at the Daily Peanut, let's not forget hard-working reporter Ninny Oldson. He's still portrayed pretty much as an idiot...

As a welcome back, Mr. Bent, I baked you a cake.

It looks like you baked me two cakes, Ninny!

No, one's for you and the other one's for Stuporman, because he's back, too! Think about it! Two totally different people we haven't seen in years both come back the same day! Wow, talk about coincidence!



Well, I tried, but my Spidey powers are exhausted! I'm out of here! Good luck with the rest of this super turkey!





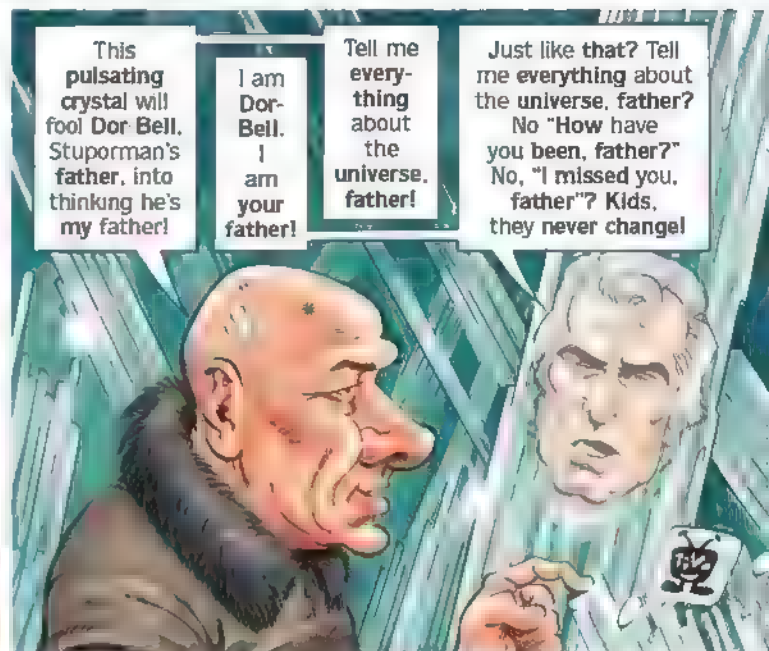
This is strange. This ice is warm!

Warm ice! Wow, this global warming thing really is getting out of hand!

That's not ice. It's crystal! We are at the Fortress of Solitude!

Fortress of Solitude... I have a feeling that's what they're going to call theatres showing this film once word of mouth is out!

URP!

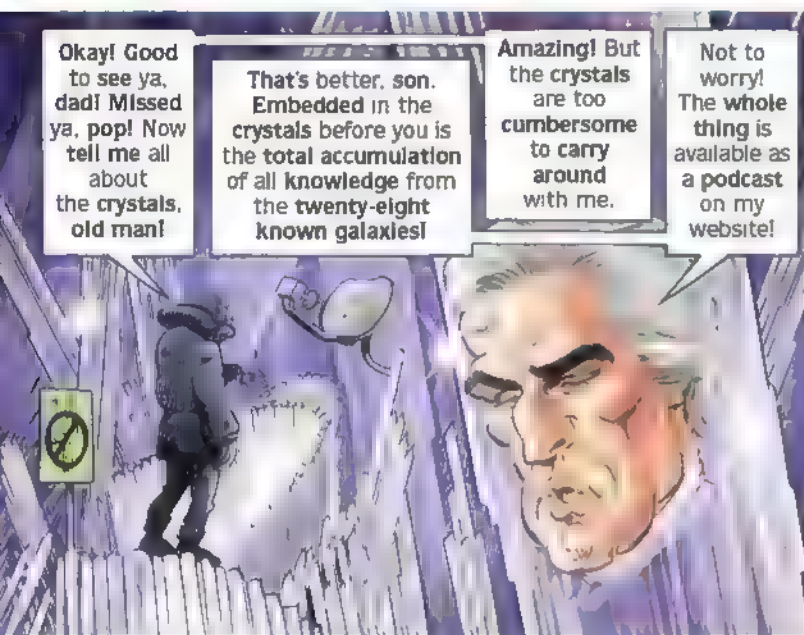


This pulsating crystal will fool Dor Bell. Stuporman's father, into thinking he's my father!

I am Dor-Bell. I am your father!

Tell me everything about the universe, father!

Just like that? Tell me everything about the universe, father? No "How have you been, father?" No, "I missed you, father"? Kids, they never change!

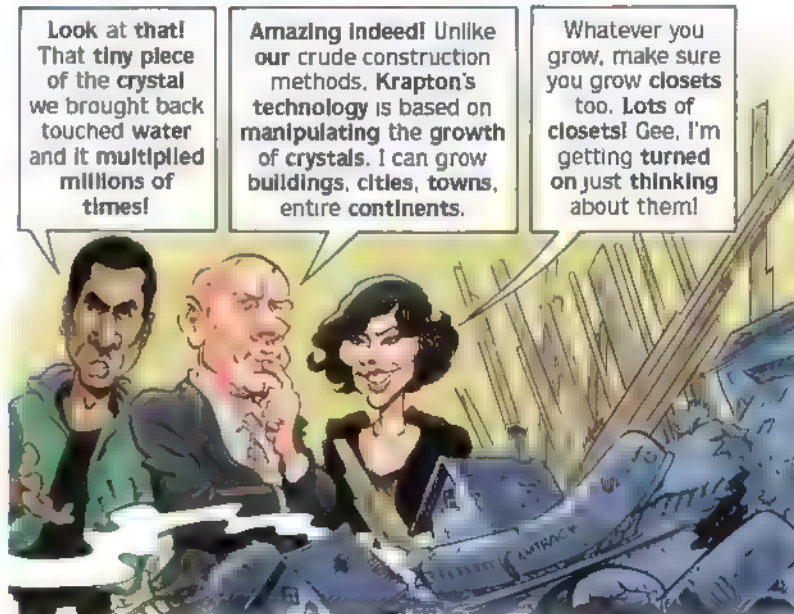


Okay! Good to see ya, dad! Missed ya, pop! Now tell me all about the crystals, old man!

That's better, son. Embedded in the crystals before you is the total accumulation of all knowledge from the twenty-eight known galaxies!

Amazing! But the crystals are too cumbersome to carry around with me.

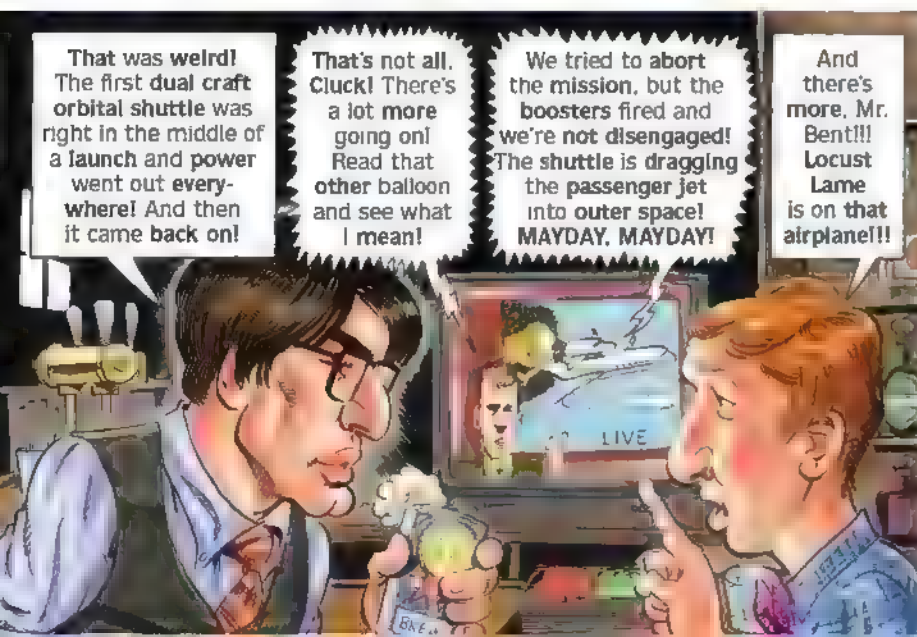
Not to worry! The whole thing is available as a podcast on my website!



Look at that! That tiny piece of the crystal we brought back touched water and it multiplied millions of times!

Amazing indeed! Unlike our crude construction methods, Krapton's technology is based on manipulating the growth of crystals. I can grow buildings, cities, towns, entire continents.

Whatever you grow, make sure you grow closets too. Lots of closets! Gee, I'm getting turned on just thinking about them!

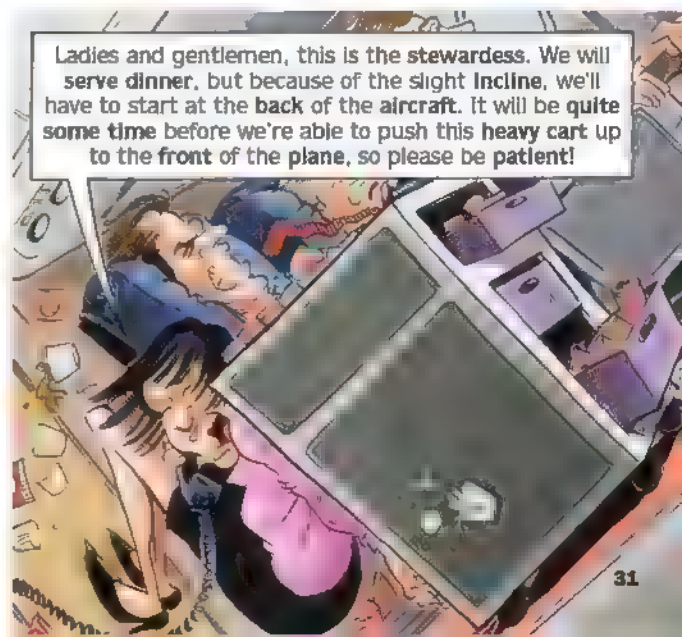


That was weird! The first dual craft orbital shuttle was right in the middle of a launch and power went out everywhere! And then it came back on!

That's not all. Cluck! There's a lot more going on! Read that other balloon and see what I mean!

We tried to abort the mission, but the boosters fired and we're not disengaged! The shuttle is dragging the passenger jet into outer space! MAYDAY, MAYDAY!

And there's more, Mr. Bent!!! Locust Lane is on that airplane!!!



Ladies and gentlemen, this is the stewardess. We will serve dinner, but because of the slight incline, we'll have to start at the back of the aircraft. It will be quite some time before we're able to push this heavy cart up to the front of the plane, so please be patient!

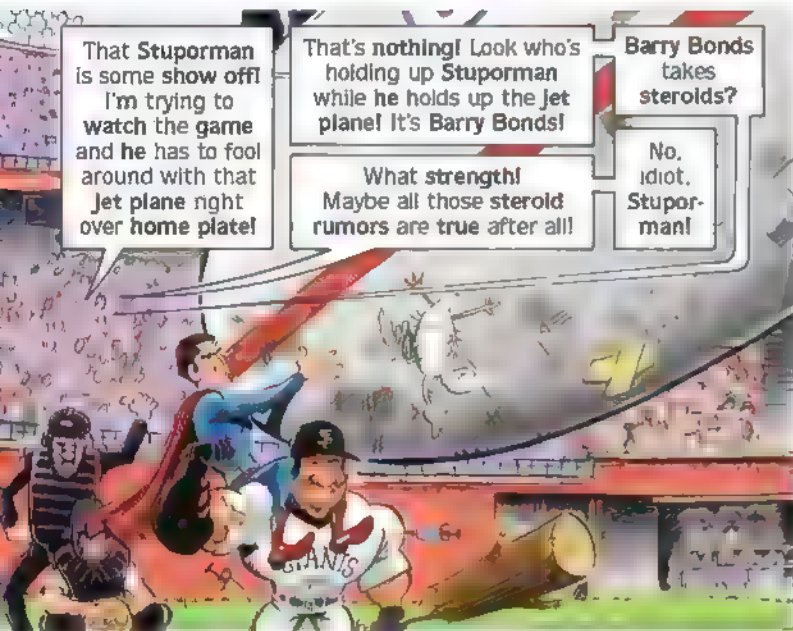


No wonder the shuttle and the Boeing 777 Jet wouldn't come apart! Someone has attached them together with PoliGrip! The fiends! That stuff really sticks!



Finally, the food cart is here!

Yeah, but you'd think first class would be served before she went into the cockpit and served the pilots!



That Stuporman is some show off! I'm trying to watch the game and he has to fool around with that Jet plane right over home plate!

That's nothing! Look who's holding up Stuporman while he holds up the Jet plane! It's Barry Bonds!

Barry Bonds takes steroids?

No, idiot, Stuporman!

What strength! Maybe all those steroid rumors are true after all!



We're high in the sky, miles above the earth. What do you hear, Locust?

Me? I hear everything! I hear every sound in the universe! Even a whisper registers in my brain!

Huh? Did you say something, Locust? I'm sorry, were you talking to me?

I don't hear a thing

That must be quite disconcerting

CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW?

DON'T SHOOT DICK!

BEEP BEEP

WHOA!

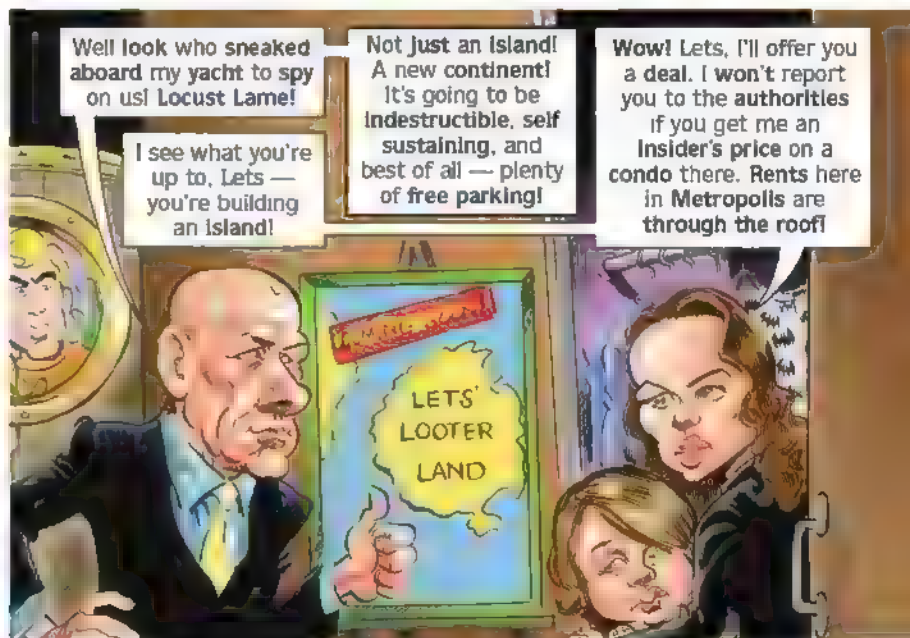


Look what I stole from the Museum of Rare Stones and Lax Security!

It's green and glowing! I hope you're not back to buying me crap on QVC again?

This isn't for you, my dear! It's for Stuporman!

Oh, no. Is this like a *Brokeback Mountain* kind of thing? You never can tell these days, can you?



Well look who sneaked aboard my yacht to spy on us! Locust Lane!

I see what you're up to, Lets — you're building an island!

Not just an island! A new continent! It's going to be indestructible, self sustaining, and best of all — plenty of free parking!

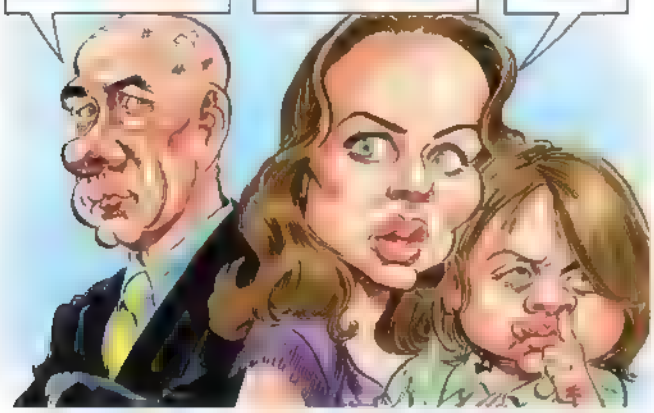
Wow! Lets, I'll offer you a deal. I won't report you to the authorities if you get me an Insider's price on a condo there. Rents here in Metropolis are through the roof!

LET'S LOOTER LAND

Here's the best part, Locust! Since two objects cannot occupy the same space, my continent is going to put the United States underwater!

The government won't let you do that!
Oh, no? Did you see how FEMA responded in New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina?

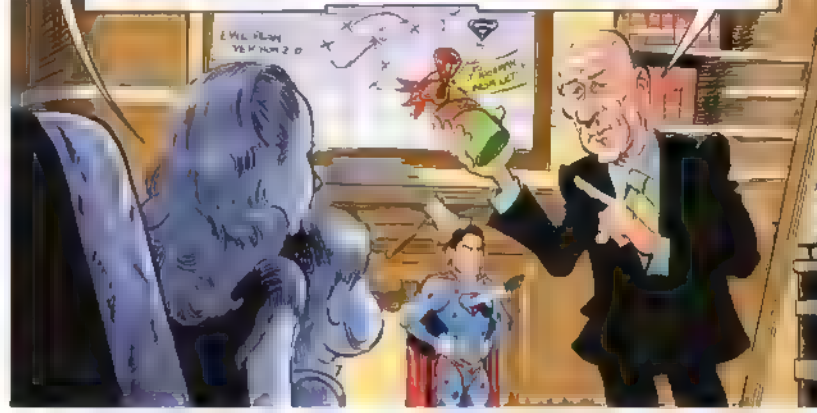
My God, who the hell am I kidding?! The U.S. is sunk!



Forget FEMA! Stuporman will stop your diabolical plan!
Ha! He won't be able to stop me! You'll never guess what I have in this box!

His spandex leotard? Ha! I bet he has a spare!

No, this is Kraptonite. Actually, this is better than Kraptonite! It's Kraptonite Plus! It has all the properties of regular Kraptonite, plus a whitening ingredient for the brightest smile ever!



Brutal, you idiot! I leave the room for a minute and you let Locust send a fax??

You told me to make sure she didn't leave the room! You didn't say anything about not letting her send a fax! I thought she was ordering some Chinese takeout!

It doesn't matter, boss. Our special home-made rocket is already on the ocean floor creating our entire new continent! Besides, when you send something on that fax, it only goes as far as this fax! It never leaves this room. I set everything up for total security!

Excellent! This really is a tight-knit gang! I was wondering why my cell phone can only call you! I always thought it was just crappy Verizon service!

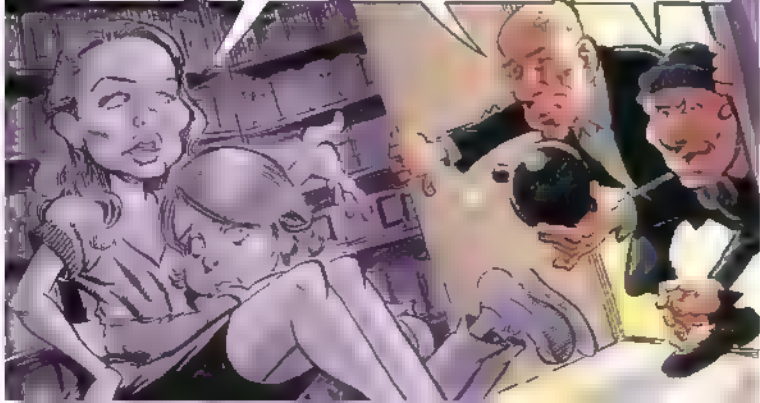


My boys and I are leaving. You and your boy are staying! And I'm giving you this yacht!

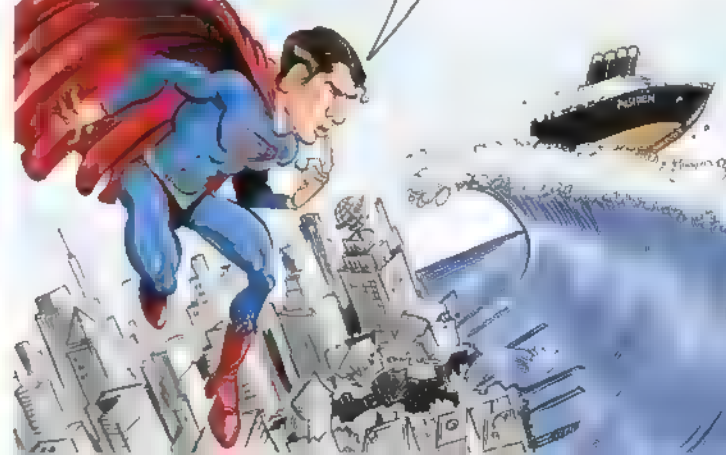
That's very kind of you, Lets, but I don't have a place to keep it.

I've taken care of that, too. Once we leave, this bomb will send you, your son and your yacht to the bottom of the ocean!

Wow, talk about having a house close to the water! Yours will be 100 fathoms under it! Lucky you!



The entire surface of the earth is splitting open! This is worse than global warming! This is global cracking!!! And a tidal wave in the downtown area is not a good sign either! It's global drowning! I bet the folks from FEMA will be all over this disaster! Oh, who the hell am I kidding?! The U.S. is sunk!





The building's collapsing!

Climb out the window.

Climb out the window??? We're on the 70th floor!

We were! We're on the first floor now!



This must look awesome to the people below! They're thinking: "Look at Stuporman! All by himself he's lifting that heavy crystal mass that's bigger than Alaska!" Thank God they can't see the two thousand helium balloons I attached to the top of this thing! The last thing in the world I need is a Super Hernia!

Stuporman, it's me, Locust Larne! My husband rescued us from that sinking yacht! Please don't knock us out of the sky when you hurl that thing! By the way, nice idea with the helium balloons! My readers will love hearing about it!

Damn reporters!



Stuporman saved us! He hurled Lets Looter and his entire ill conceived planet into outer space! But it's sapped every ounce of his strength! Okay, I've advanced the plot to where we are now, so I'll stop shouting!

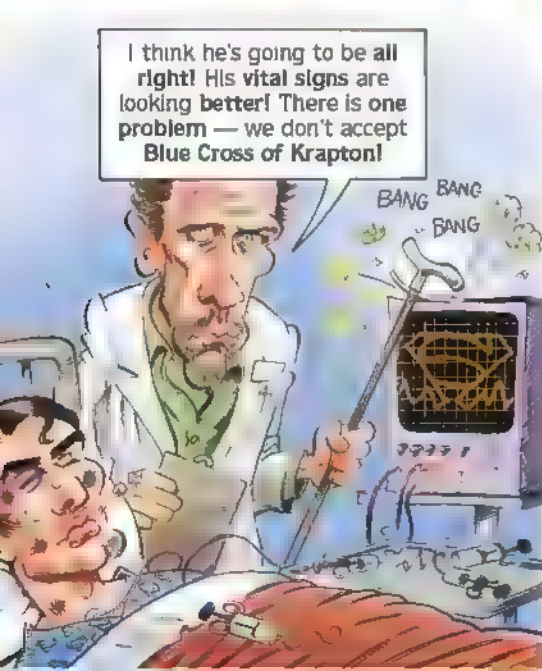
What's Stuporman doing in that hole?

It's the latest trend in Hollywood! Putting superstars in craters in big cities! First King Kong in New York, and now Stuporman in Metropolis!

I hope Warner Bros. plans on leaving him there for another 20 years!

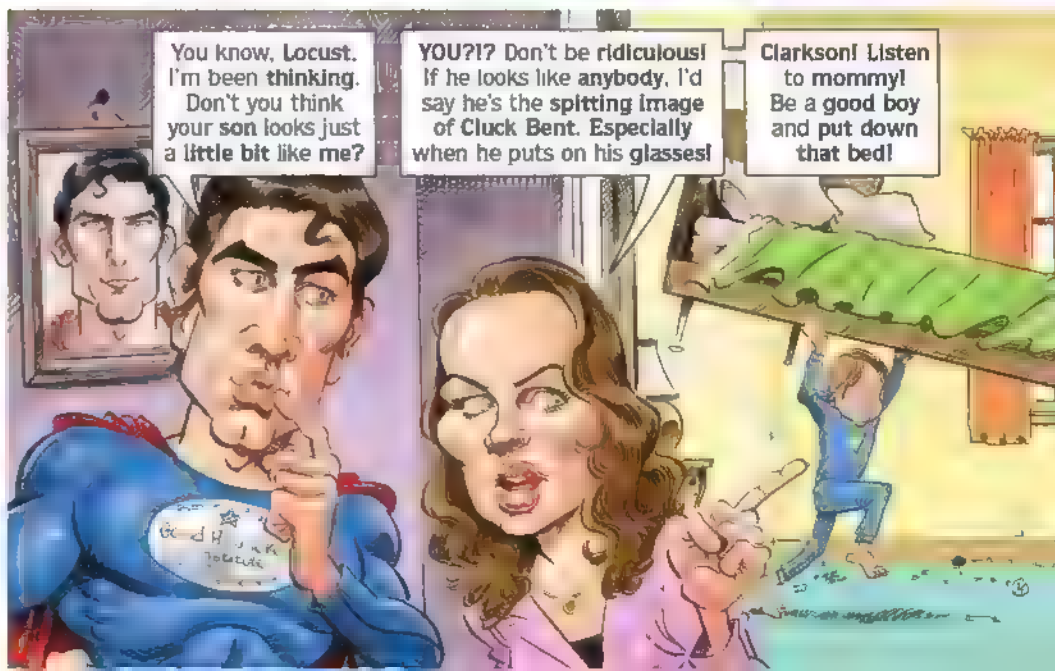
schmuck

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #468, AUG 2006



I think he's going to be all right! His vital signs are looking better! There is one problem — we don't accept Blue Cross of Krapton!

BANG BANG BANG



You know, Locust. I'm been thinking. Don't you think your son looks just a little bit like me?

YOU?!? Don't be ridiculous! If he looks like anybody, I'd say he's the spitting image of Cluck Bent. Especially when he puts on his glasses!

Clarkson! Listen to mommy! Be a good boy and put down that bed!

Good H. Jack
Tolente

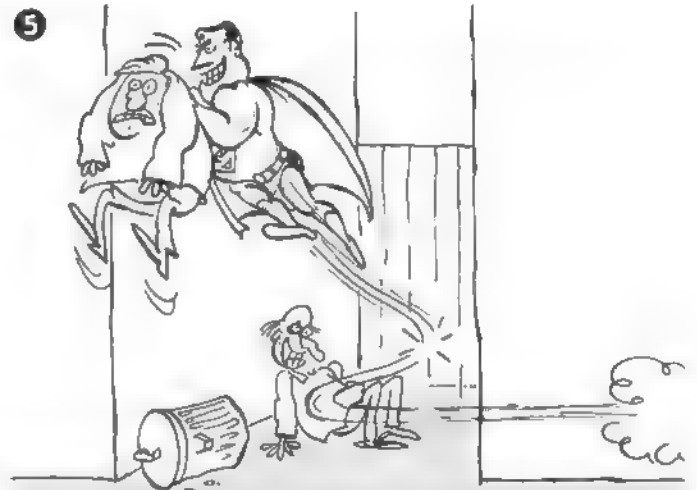
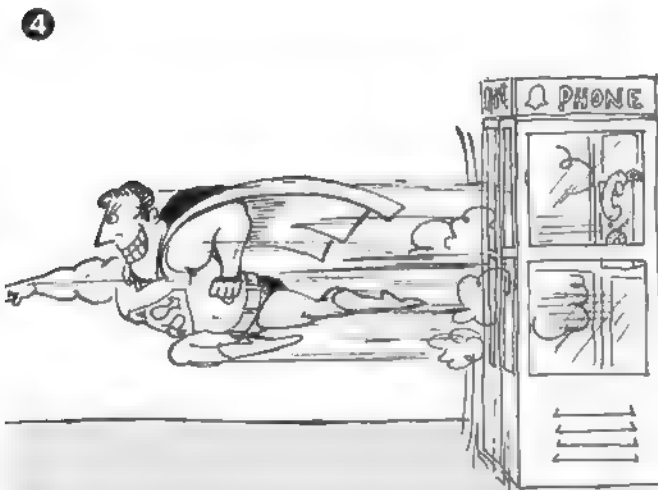
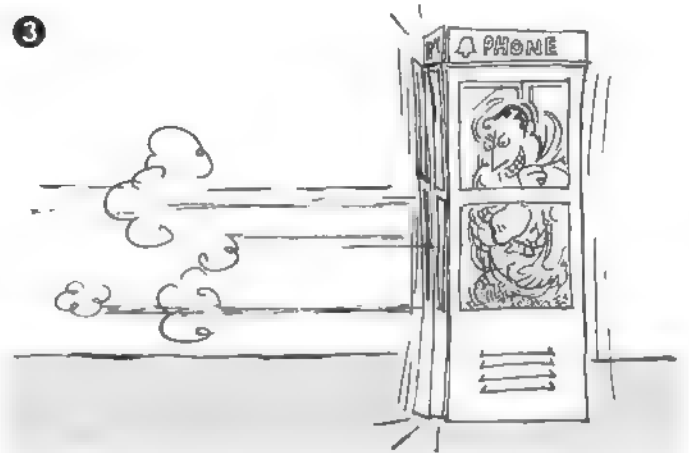
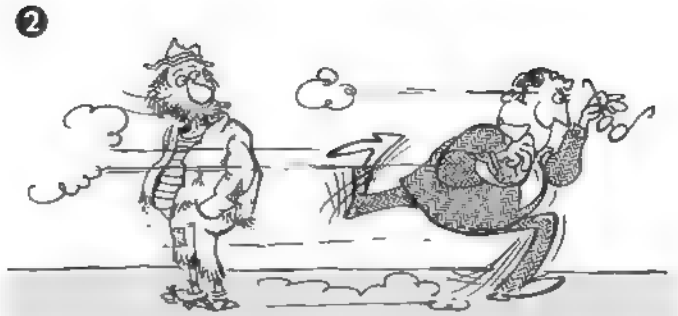
I'm a superhero!



A SUPER OPPORTUNITY



WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**





They made "Superman," "Superman II" and "Superman III" ... but they didn't have the nerve to make "Superman IV"! Instead, they pulled a sneaky trick and gave us pretty much the same old stuff using a "Female of Steel"! And that's what we consider...

What are you doing, Saltaire?

Using this incredible force, the Omegahedfone, to create "trees"! At least, I THINK they're trees! They've got them on every street in every city on Earth...!

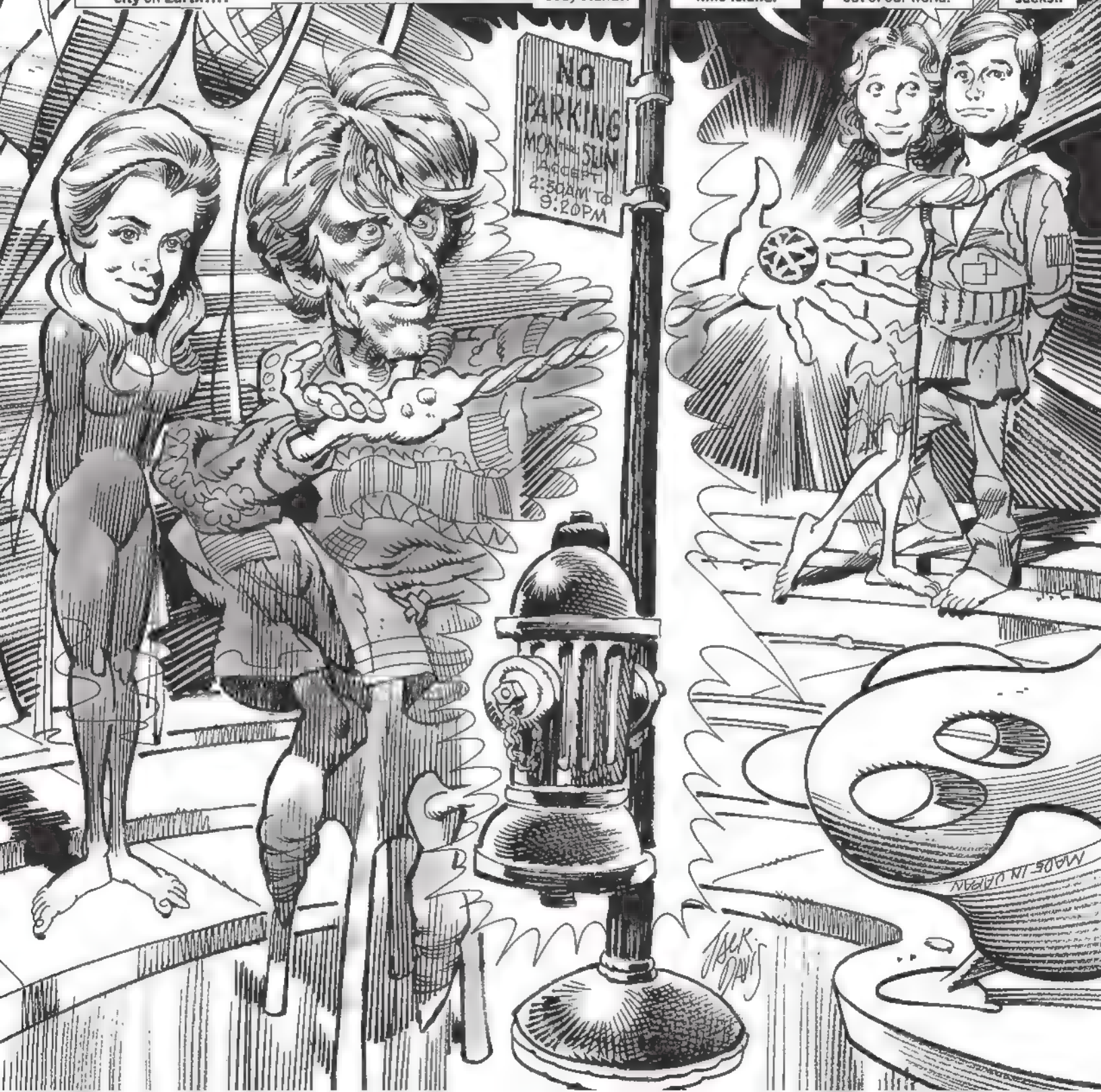
One day, I hope to go to Earth and visit my cousin, Superman! I know that 230 million people live there, but maybe I'll accidentally run into him and his girlfriend, Lois Lane, and their friend, Clark Kent, and ...

Please, Kara! Let's take these unbelievable coincidences one at a time! How much can a body stand?!

Gee, I sure hope they're careful with that Omegahedfone! It's our planet's sole source of power! Sort of a baseball-size Three Mile Island!

If Saltaire should accidentally let that Omegahedfone go, it would shatter this planet's Alpha Shield, and suck all the life out of our world!

So... what's the big deal?!? Life here ALREADY sucks!!





Supergail

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO
ARTIST: JACK DAVIS



Hoo-hah! The shield has been broken! The Omega-hedfone has been lost!!

I will retrieve it!

Will you?? Really?? That would be SUPER, girl...!

Catchy name! Think it's good for a girl??

What else... a MOVIE?? How will you retrieve it??

I'll escape into the atmosphere through the Comtrex Chute!!

But what about the tremendous pressure??

I won't read the movie reviews!!



I can FLY!! And I have incredible strength!!

I know...!! I'll USE my gifts to help Mankind!!

Hey! Do your "help Mankind" shtick on some OTHER planet, Sweetheart! You CAUSED twelve disasters ALREADY!!

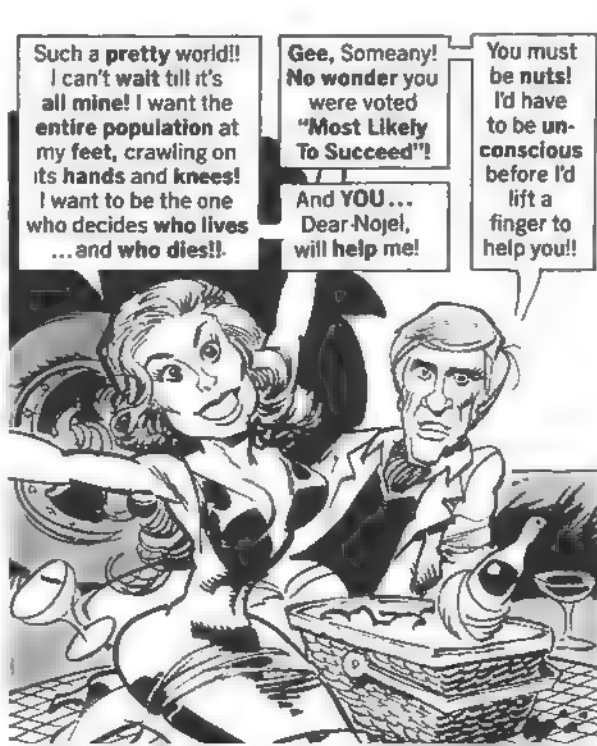


Can I get you anything, Someany...?

You must be crazy!!

Yeah! I'll have a sandwich, a Coke and COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE WORLD!

I guess you're right! Okay, I'll have a sandwich, a DIET COKE and complete control of the world!!



Such a pretty world!! I can't wait till it's all mine! I want the entire population at my feet, crawling on its hands and knees! I want to be the one who decides who lives ...and who dies!!

Gee, Someany! No wonder you were voted "Most Likely To Succeed"!

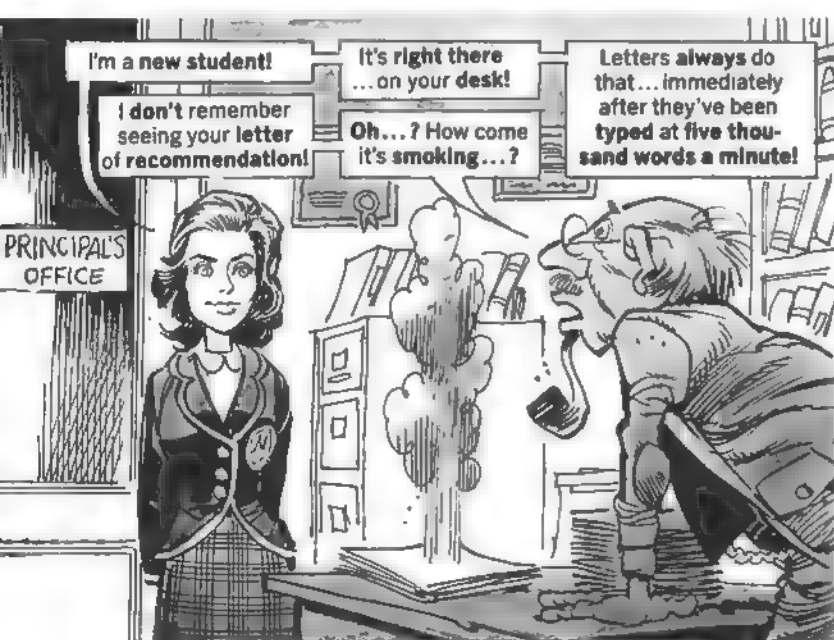
And YOU ... Dear-Nojel, will help me!

You must be nuts! I'd have to be unconscious before I'd lift a finger to help you!!



Gee ...I don't even believe in GOD . and I get help from above...!

Make a... list of... what you... want me t-t... doooooooo



I smell trouble! I ALSO smell the sickening odor of tires burning! I hope I don't "super-barf" on those poor people below!

Lucy Lane told me that wearing a BRA would streamline my figure—but I think it ADDS to my wind resistance!!



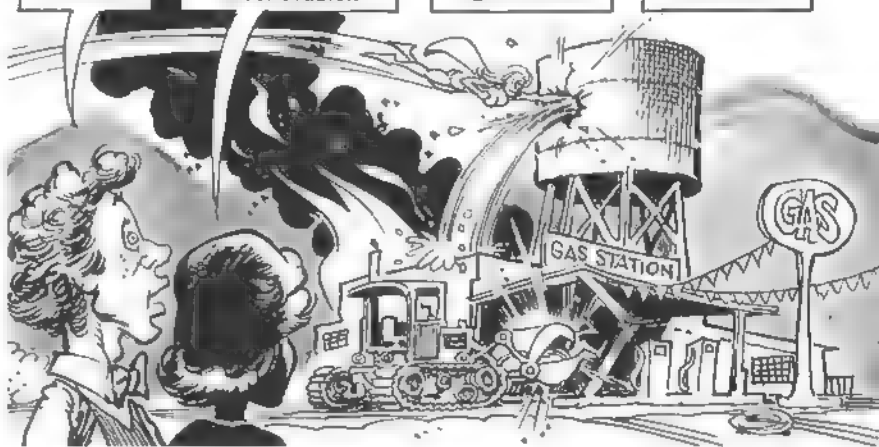
Look!! The runaway bulldozer has set that gas station on fire!!

But Supergirl has smashed open that water tank, and it's putting out the fire! That's unbelievable!!

That Supergirl could do that?!

No, that a water tank would be on the roof of a gas station!

What do you think they use to turn SUPER Unleaded into REGULAR Unleaded...?! Seltzer?!!



I love you with all my heart and soul!! Come away with me and bear my children!!

Boy, Earth is sure some "make-out" place! I've only been here 48 hours, and already I've been propositioned by two mean truck drivers and a drunken gardener!!



So she thinks she can take my man away from me, eh? Well... I'm going to send her a storm with dark clouds and intermittent lightning, plus patches of fog, hail, and occasional high gusts of cyclonic winds!

Is that a SPELL—or a WEATHER FORECAST?



You've been keeping a low profile, Nojell! Have you grown tired of spreading evil and fear among men...?

Not at all, Someany, my dear! As a matter of fact, my most frightening act of terror is about to be unleashed! I have just completed drawing up the new IRS 1040 Income Tax form for 1985! Yecccc!!



I am the Princess of Darkness! Who are you??

I am the daughter of Zor-Elbo... and the cousin of Superman...!

Superman...?! Can YOU do everything that Superman does??

Yes... except at the BOX OFFICE!



Your "super-tongue" bores me!

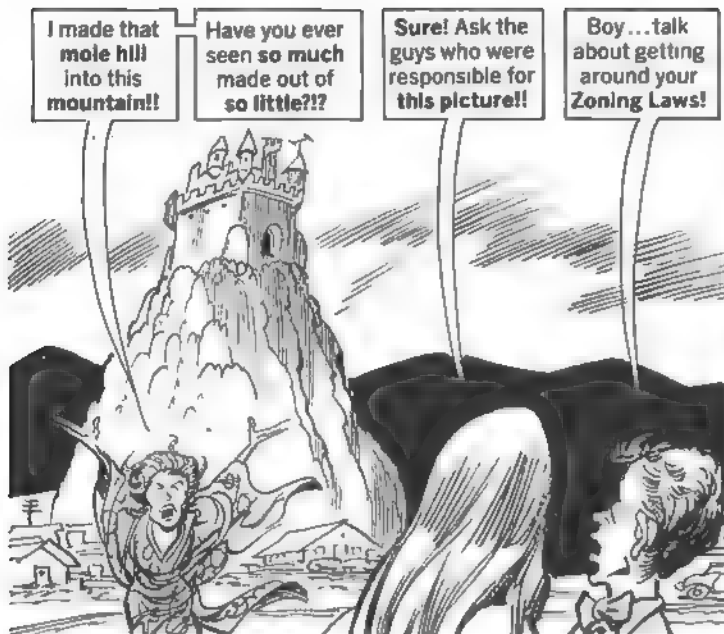
You talk of super powers?! I'LL show you super powers!!

See that mole hill out there? Watch...!

Upon all good, I put a hex... And call upon special effects!!



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #253, MAR 1985

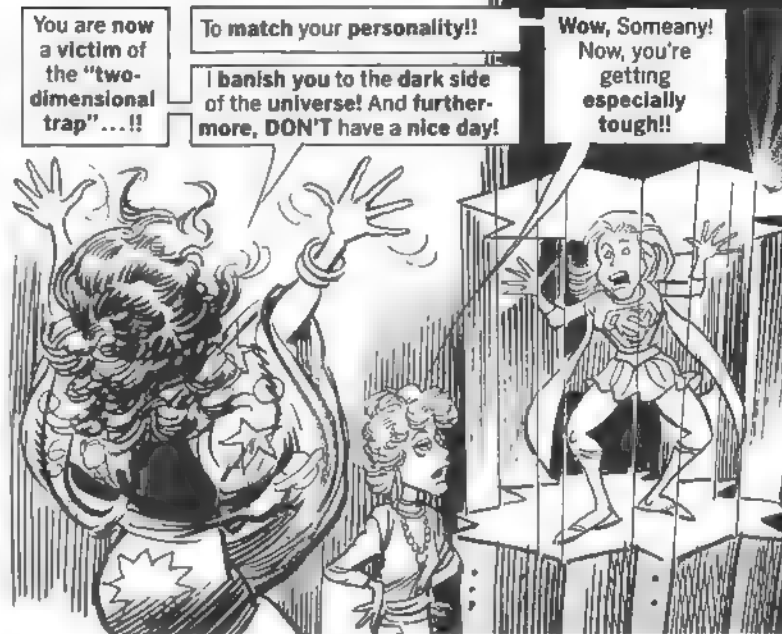


I made that mole hill into this mountain!!

Have you ever seen so much made out of so little???

Sure! Ask the guys who were responsible for this picture!!

Boy... talk about getting around your Zoning Laws!



You are now a victim of the "two-dimensional trap"....!!

To match your personality!!

I banish you to the dark side of the universe! And furthermore, DON'T have a nice day!

Wow, Someone! Now, you're getting especially tough!!



Where am I...?

Saltaire...!! What a coincidence...! Two trillion miles of wasteland, and we meet!!

You, my dear, are lost in the Phantom Zone!

I forgot to mention that this Phantom Zone is on the planet of Serendipity!!



Is there a way out of this place...?

Click my Ruby Red Slippers together!

Sure! On this planet, all you have to do is click your Ruby Red Slippers together... and in a jiffy, you'll wind up in the next panel!

Yes... and then, just follow the Yellow Brick Road!



So you're back...! I send a fire ball shower at you....!!

And I send a meteor blitz at you!

And I send a storm of flying rocks at you...!

I'd like to send a dozen ROSES to Supergirl... but I don't think they'd stand a chance in hell of arriving undamaged in THIS place!



Goodness won....!!

And our one wild date has resulted in a CHILD! Do you know which one it is?

Oh, please...! Be quiet!! You might give them an idea for another movie!!

Yes... and logic lost!

Yes, and it's a super baby!

MATERNITY WARD



Meanwhile...

THEY'VE GOT A BROTHER
NAME: MAGNUS



"BEDTIME AT SUNSET. THERE ARE SHACKS IN THE FOOD REPLICATOR, AND IF KRYPTON STARTS TO EXPLODE, JUST SHOOT HIM INTO SPACE."



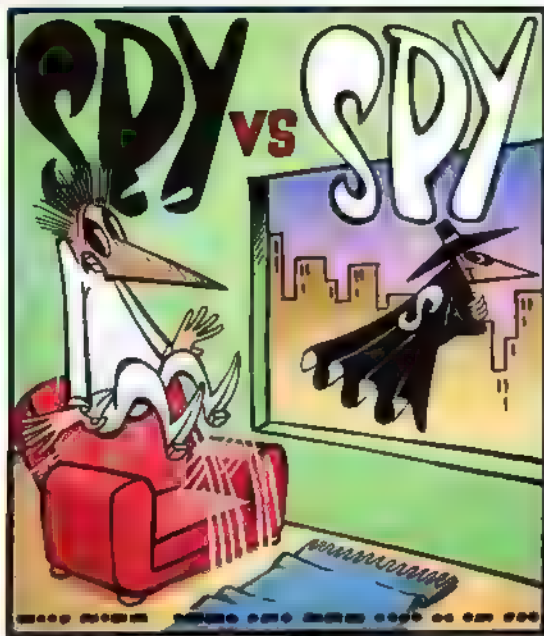
"WE'RE FRIENDS BUT NOT, LIKE, SUPER FRIENDS."



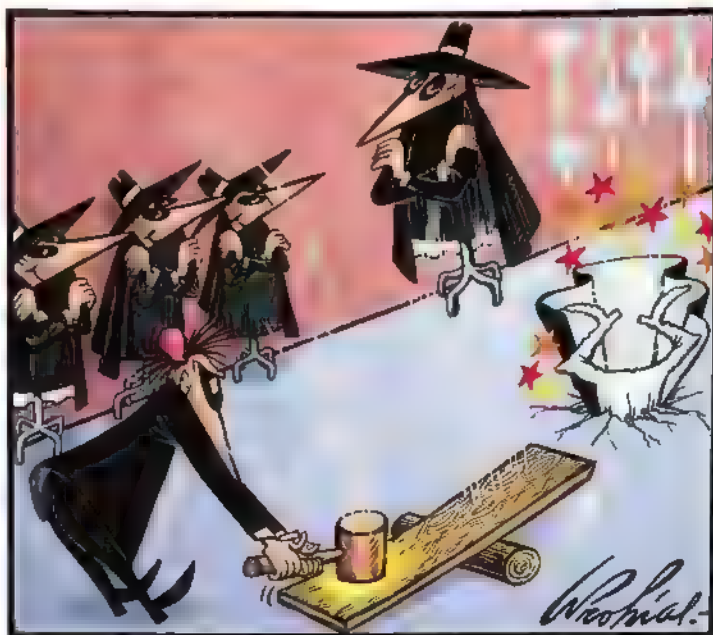
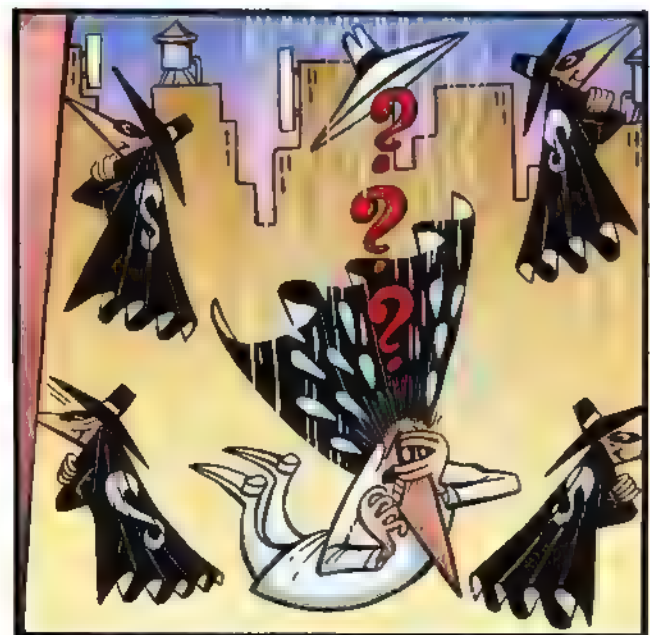
SUPERMANSPLAINING



"NO, WE DIDN'T NEUTER HIM TODAY."



WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS COLORIST CARRIE STRACHAN



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #147 DEC 1971



NOT
FUNNY,
BRUCE.

Welcome
to
METROPOLIS
HOME of SUPERMAN

GIVE MAD THE FINGER...

...BY SCROLLING AND READING IT ON DC GO!



Now you can get vertical-format MAD episodes on DC Universe Infinite! Subscribe to dcuniverseinfinite.com today and get flipping through MAD! New idiotic content available too!

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We all know Superman is faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, blah, blah, blah. But can he remember where he put his keys? Or set the clock on the microwave? Being a Kryptonian isn't *all* that, so let's check out the...

TASKS SUPERMAN ISN'T SO SUPER AT

FOLDING LAUNDRY

I can't believe how long it takes Lois to do even ONE basket. Such a slow poke.



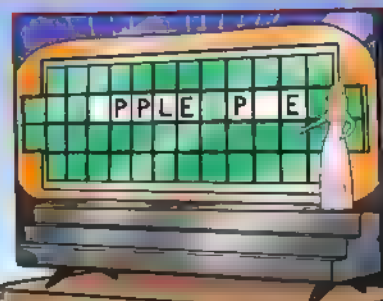
DOWNWARD FACING DOG

Um, this nirvana thing is B.S.



WHEEL OF FORTUNE

NIPPLE PUE!!



GETTING THE CAT IN THE CARRIER



WRITER & ARTIST TERESA BURNS PARKHURST

FLOSSING REGULARLY

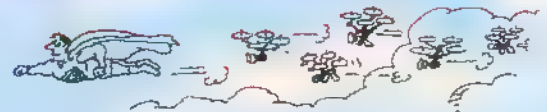
Ew! When did you eat this pulled pork, last summer?!

A cartoon illustration of a dentist with short red hair and a purple lab coat, flossing Superman's teeth. Superman is lying back in a dental chair, looking uncomfortable. A speech bubble from the dentist says, "Ew! When did you eat this pulled pork, last summer?!".

FINDING STUFF IN THE FRIDGE

Now where the hell is that roasted turkey she's talking about??

A cartoon illustration of Superman standing in a kitchen, looking into an open refrigerator. A roasted turkey is on the top shelf. A thought bubble above him says, "Now where the hell is that roasted turkey she's talking about??". The artist's signature "BURNS" is in the bottom right corner.





TRUTH, JUSTICE, AND THE AMERICAN WAY DEPT.

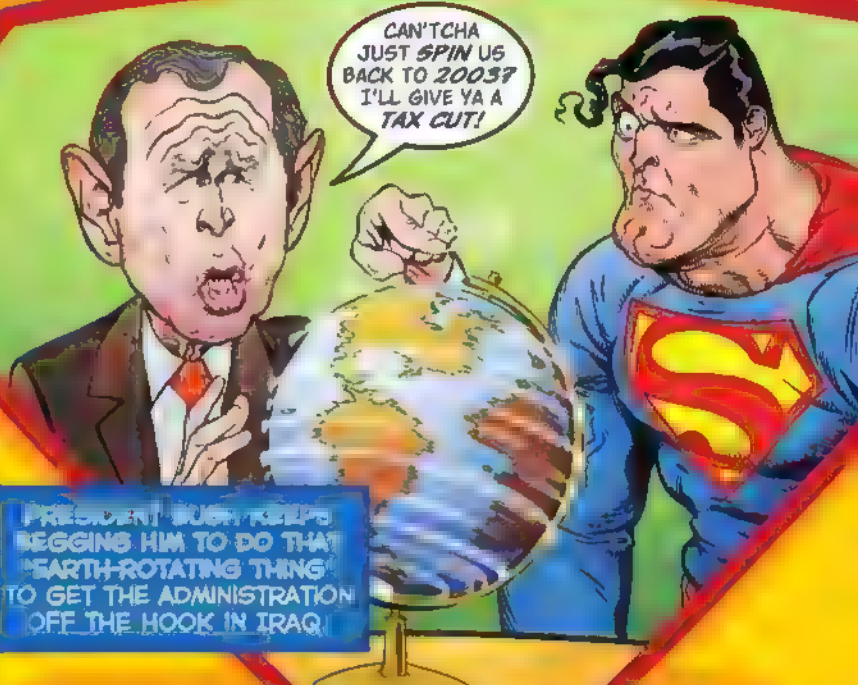
WHEN *SUPERMAN IV* WAS RELEASED IN 1987, ITS SHEER CRAPPINESS ALL BUT ENSURED THAT THE SUPERMAN FRANCHISE HAD FINALLY BEEN BEATEN TO DEATH. BUT TWENTY YEARS LATER, HOLLYWOOD HAS HEROICALLY RESPONDED TO THE TRAGIC LACK OF COMIC BOOK FLICKS BY REVIVING THE CORNY HERO. UNFORTUNATELY FOR SUPERMAN, MUCH HAS CHANGED IN THE WORLD SINCE HIS LAST FLIGHT. FOR STARTERS, CONSIDER THESE...

MODERN HASSLES SUPERMAN WOULD FACE IF HE REALLY RETURNED



INSTEAD OF TRYING TO SCORPE
TURNING HIS ONCE-INVINCIBLE
FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE INTO A
SEMI-SPONSORED LANDING OF BLAME

WRITER JACOB LAMBERT
ARTIST HERMANN MULLER



PRESIDENT BUSH KEEPS
BEGGING HIM TO DO THAT
"EARTH-ROTATING THING"
TO GET THE ADMINISTRATION
OFF THE HOOK IN IRAQ

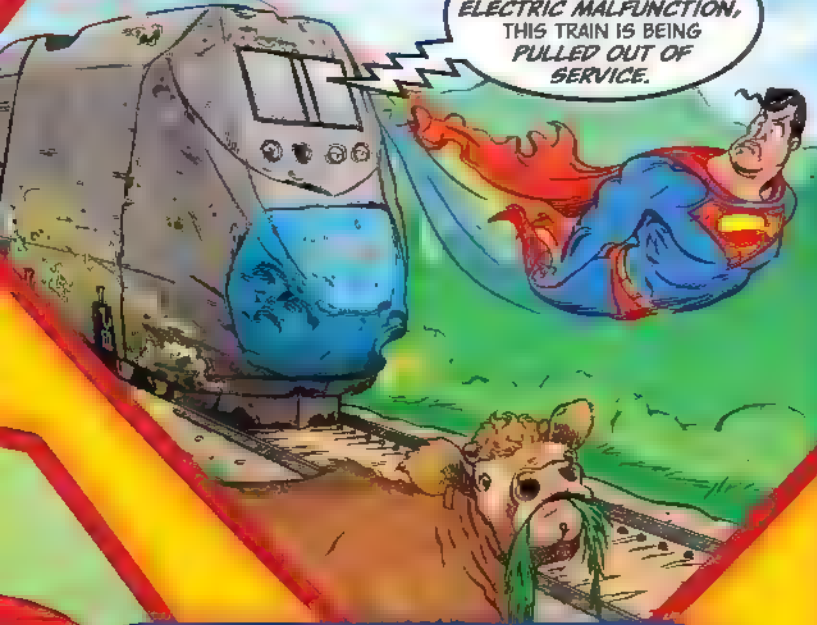


WHILE TRYING TO LAUNCH
HIS NEW WEBSITE, HE'S
DISGUSTED TO FIND THAT
"MANOFSTEEL.COM" HAS
ALREADY BEEN REGISTERED
TO A DIFFERENT SOURCE



CONSIDERING THE SORRY STATE OF AMTRAK, CALLING HIMSELF "MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE" IS KIND OF LIKE BOASTING ABOUT BEING SMARTER THAN A F-E-D.

ATTENTION, PASSENGERS. DUE TO AN ELECTRIC MALFUNCTION, THIS TRAIN IS BEING PULLED OUT OF SERVICE.



HEY SUPERFRAUD, YA GONNA BREAK AARON'S RECORD TOO? WHADIDJA USE, "THE CREAM" OR "THE CLEAR"?



THANKS TO MONSIEUR MCGUIRE, PALMERO, AND HANB, MILLIONS OF AMERICANS DISMISS THE HUMAN SUPER-STRENGTH AS JUST ANOTHER PATHETIC CASE OF "BLACK" ABUSE.

IS IT TRUE, SUPERMAN, THAT YOU DID NOT OBTAIN THE PROPER WARRANTS BEFORE YOU SO FLAGRANTLY SPIED ON THE PERSONS IN QUESTION?



THE JUDGE IS CONSTANTLY DRAGGING HIM INTO COURT OVER THE USE OF HIS "WARRANTS" AND "PROFANE" LANGUAGE.

LEX LUTHOR NO LONGER TRIES TO DESTROY SUPERMAN OUTRIGHT, INSTEAD CONCENTRATING ON THE MUCH SAFER AND FAR MORE PROFITABLE CRIME OF IDENTITY THEFT.

\$800 ON SCALP WAX?? LUTHOR!!





IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO LOOK AS ETERNALLY YOUTHFUL AS CLARK, LOIS HAS BEEN MORE *NIPPED AND TUCKED* THAN JACKO AND JOAN RIVERS COMBINED



THE FODDERING AND FLYING OVER METROPOLIS MEANS THAT HE'S CONSTANTLY GETTING SHOT AT BY EMERGENCY RESPONSE VEHICLES



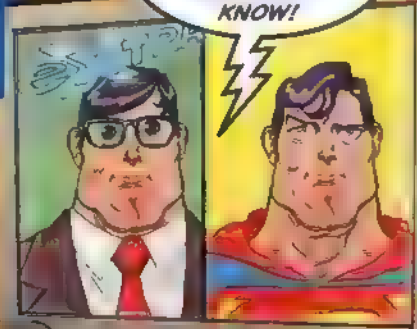
SO, CLARK, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE NEW ME?



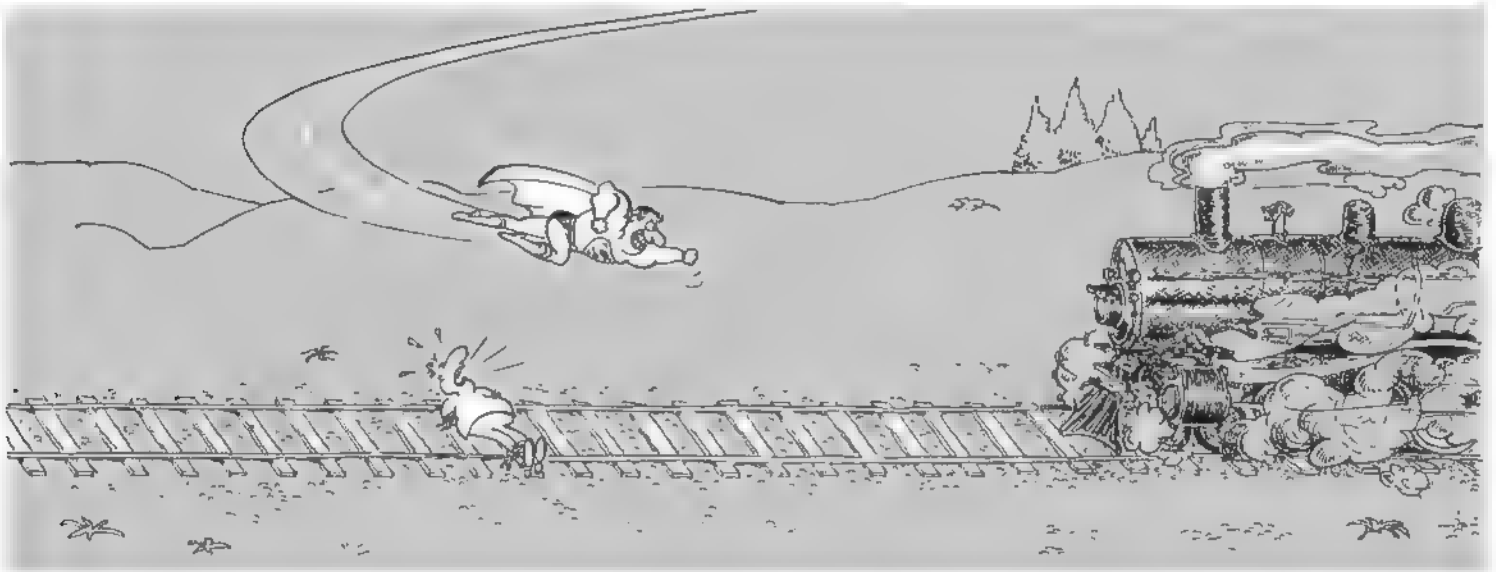
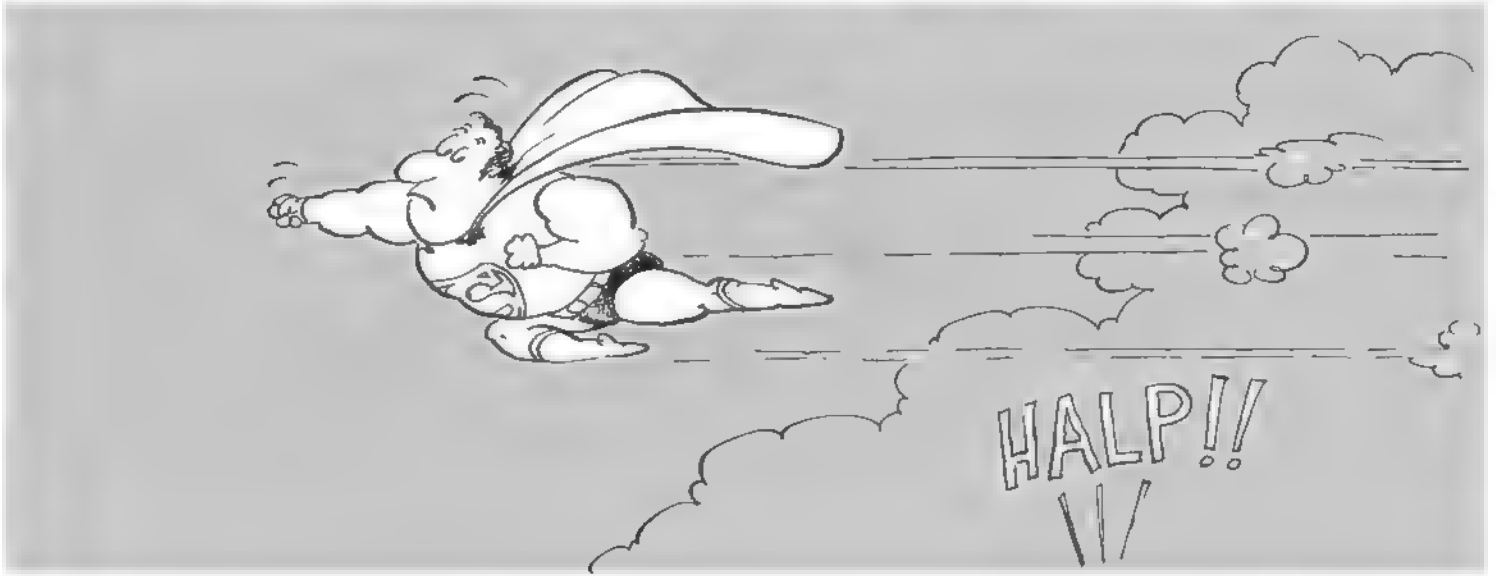
UPON RETURNING TO HIS CHILDHOOD HOME IN KANSAS, HE IS STUNNED TO FIND THAT THE FAMILY FARM HAS BEEN REPLACED BY A TARGET HOME DEPOT AND AN APPLEBEE'S

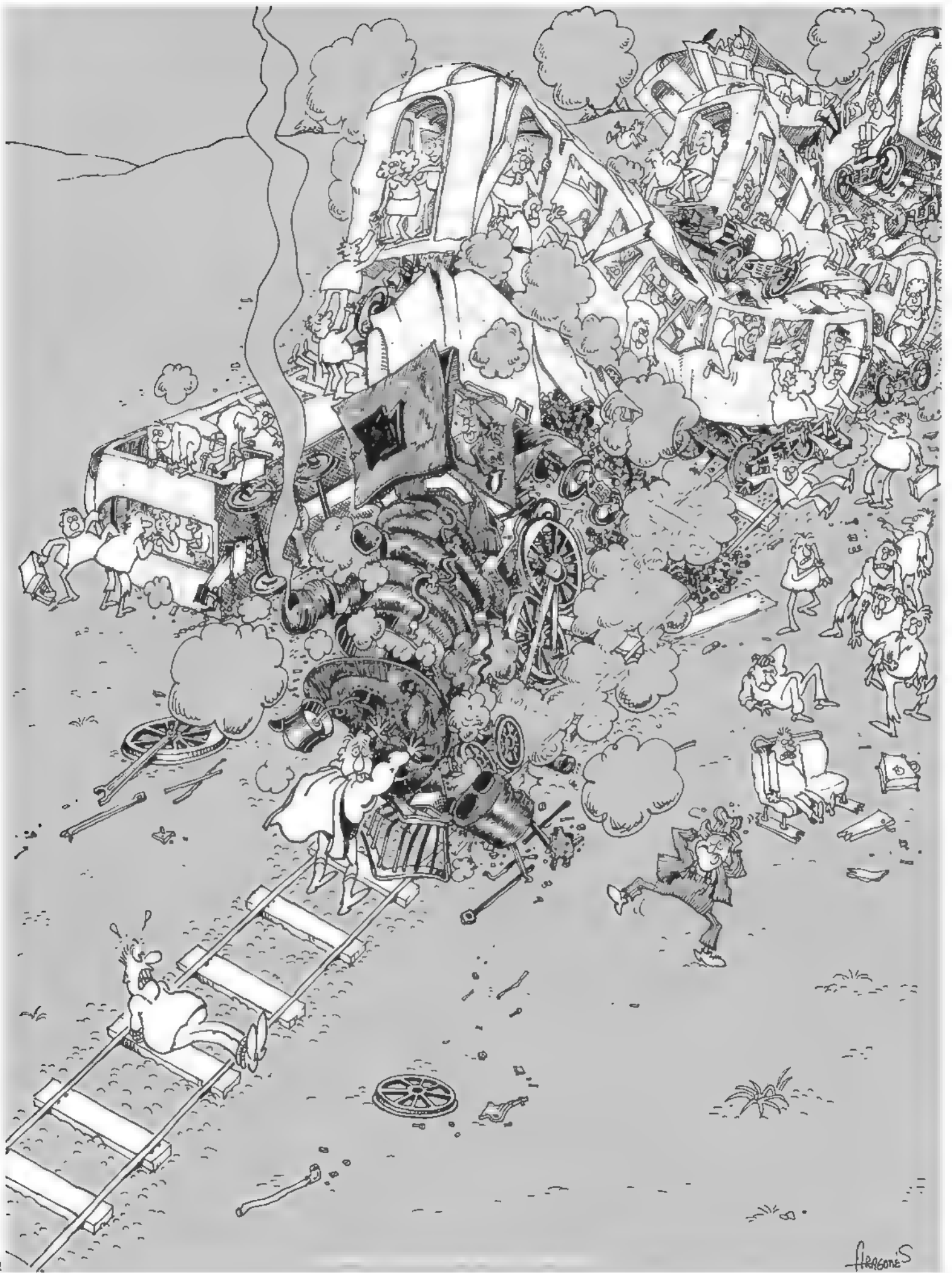
IT WAS A HECK OF A LOT EASIER KEEPING HIS IDENTITY SECRET IN THE DAYS BEFORE TRASH TV, BLOGGERS, AND WEBSMOKINGSUN.COM

TONIGHT: THE SECRET CLARK KENT DOESN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW!

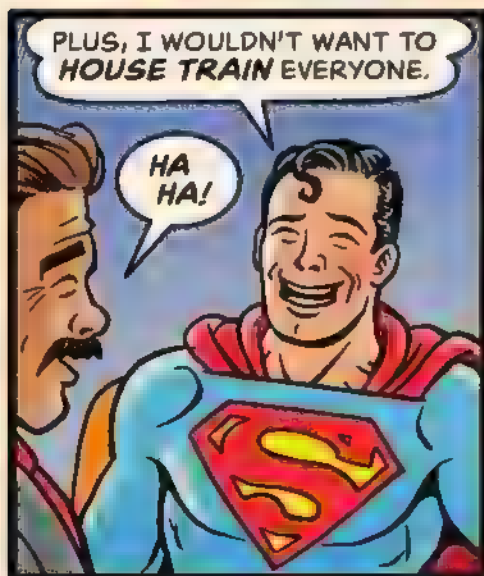
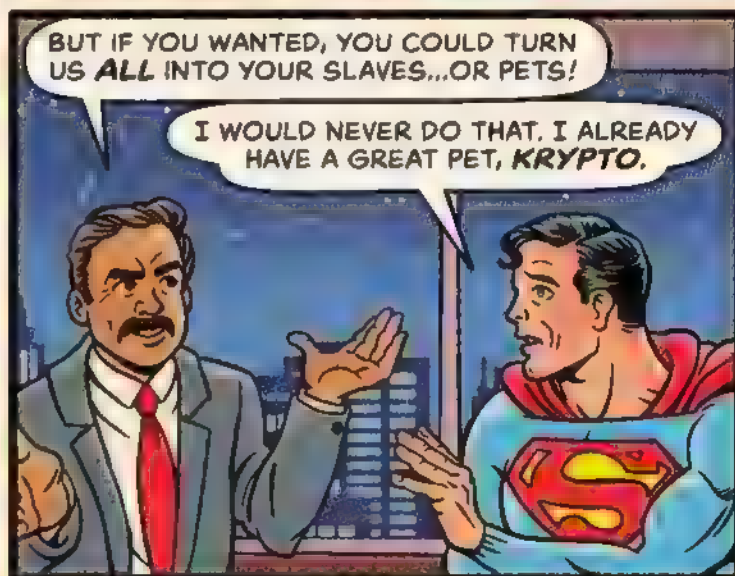
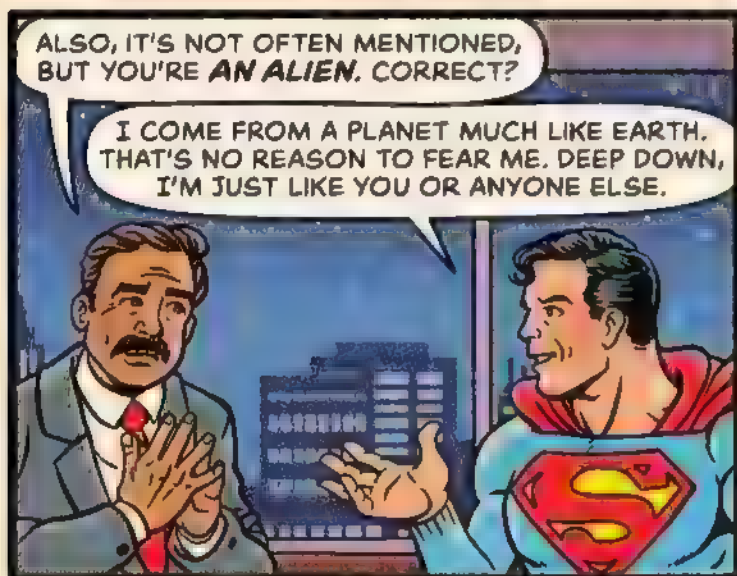
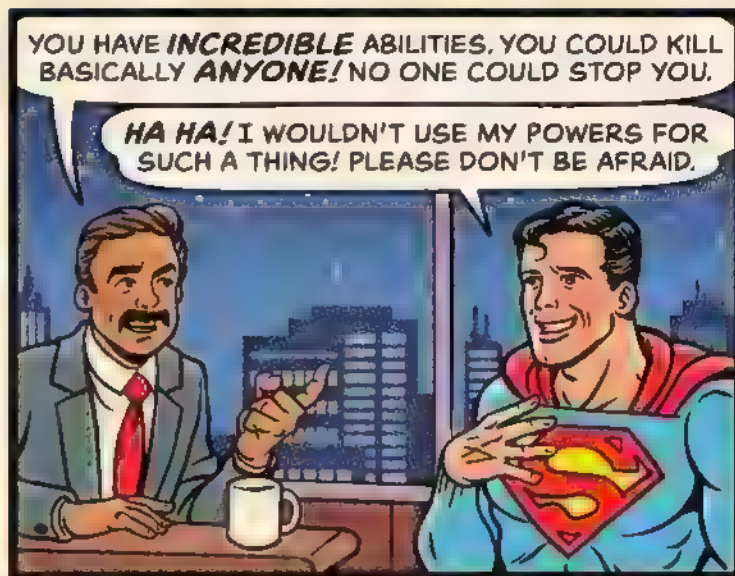
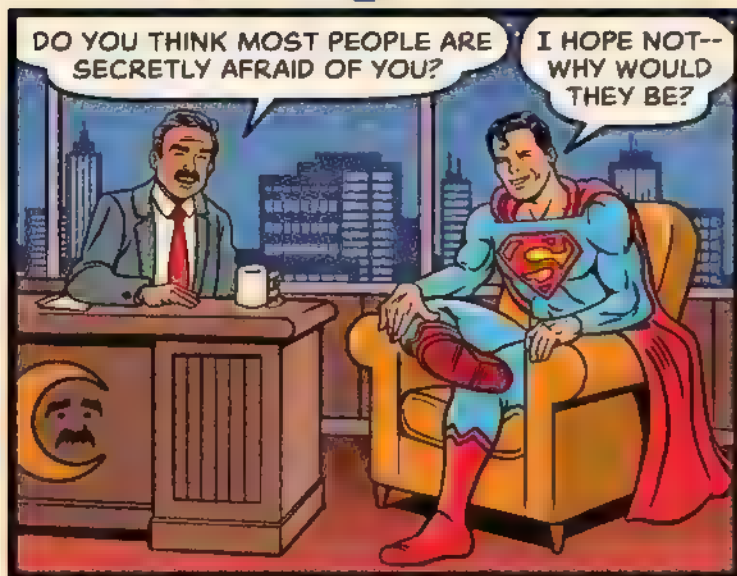


MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE...

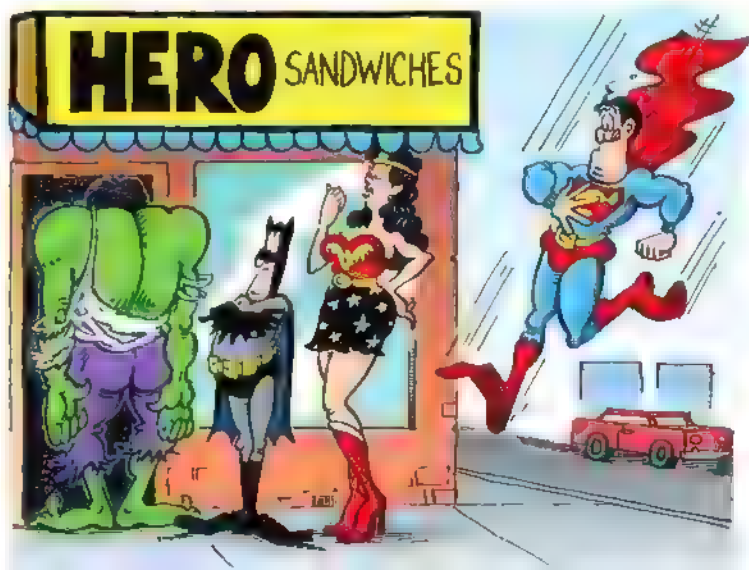
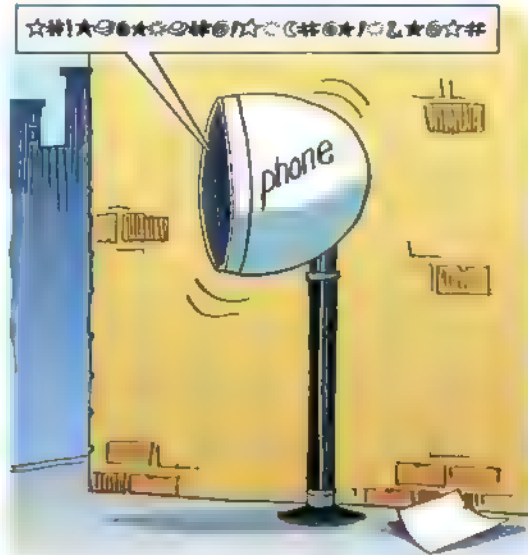




LIVE from METROPOLIS

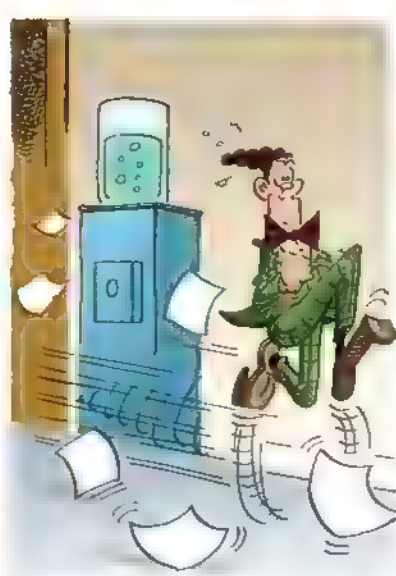
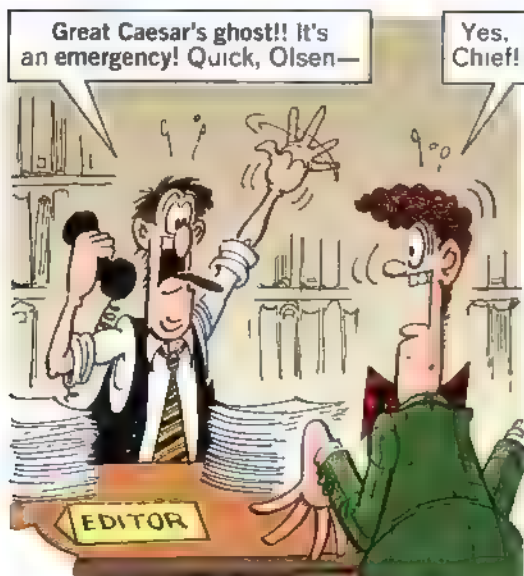


SUP



ERMAN

WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING ARTIST DON MARTIN COLORIST JENNIFER BARKER OF SNO CONE STUDIOS





FAKE AND BAKE DEPT.

SUGAR & MADNESS



A chat with Andrew Fuller, celeb-baker from Netflix's *Is It Cake?*, owner of Sugar Freakshow, and longtime MAD fan. Watch him hack into the MAD cake he made by going to @sugarfreakshow or @mad.magazine on Instagram.

What are your earliest MAD memories?

I was a weirdo even as a kid, and I didn't have many friends. So I'd often walk to the corner market alone to buy candy and MAD. Sometimes I'd steal the candy so I could afford the MAD.

So MAD and sugar have always been linked for you.

Always. It's a match made in heaven. And just as MAD parodies pop culture, my cakes parody everyday things.

Why else has the magazine been so meaningful to you?

Growing up, I was so afraid of being seen or made fun of. But MAD was always off-kilter, and it reminded me that being individual is actually the way to go—and that it's okay to not take everything seriously and to laugh at the world and its darkness.

Besides the Alfred E. Neuman "cookie jar" cake, what's the maddest cake you've ever made?

I did a human-placenta cake for a delivery nurse that "bled" raspberry. It looked so real, the guy at the hospital front desk said, "You can't bring biohazards through here." And for the *Wednesday* premiere, I made a hyperrealistic cake of Thing, who, like Alfred, is iconic. (And it led to me meeting Tim Burton.)

So what does Alfred taste like?

He's banana flavored, because comedy makes me think of slipping on banana peels; he's a little acidic and tart, with the "green slime" frosting; and he tastes fun, thanks to Pop Rocks.

Editor's Note: He was delicious.



ARTWORK: TOM RICHMOND
PHOTOS: PAULA SEVENBERGEN

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LOOK, UP IN
THE SKY! IT'S
A BIRD! IT'S A
PLANE! IT'S...

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW **MAD FOLD-IN**

The world is on fire, and we're supposed to believe that this supercharged idiot is going to save the day? There's something else in the air, and it only seems to be making things worse. To see what it is, fold as shown at right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



A RAGING FIREBALL ILLUMINATES THE CITY SKY-
LINE. ITS CAUSE IS UNCLEAR—AN ERRANT ROCK-
ET? ASTEROID? U.F.O.? WHO CAN SAY? FEARING
THE WORST, THE PEOPLE ARE ONLY MOMEN-
TARILY RELIEVED, THEN CHEERS TURN INTO SCOFFS.

A

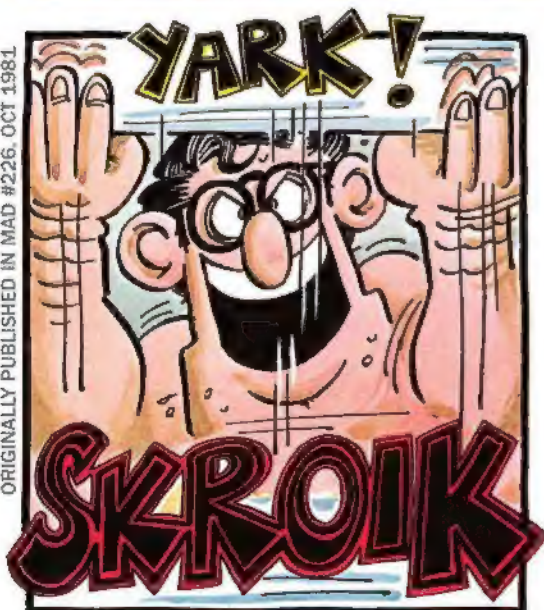
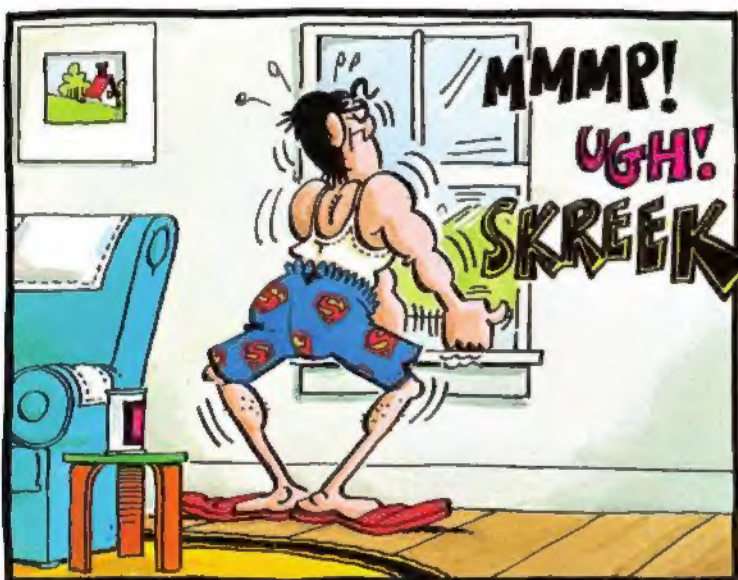
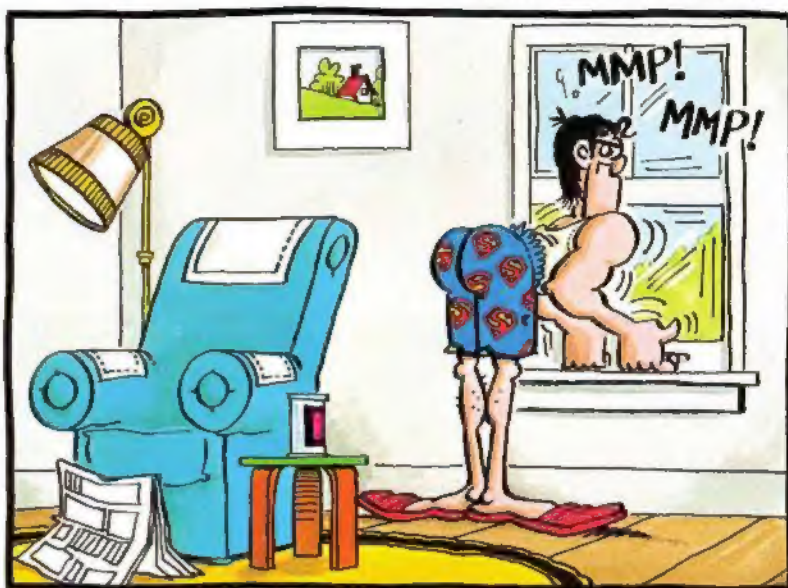
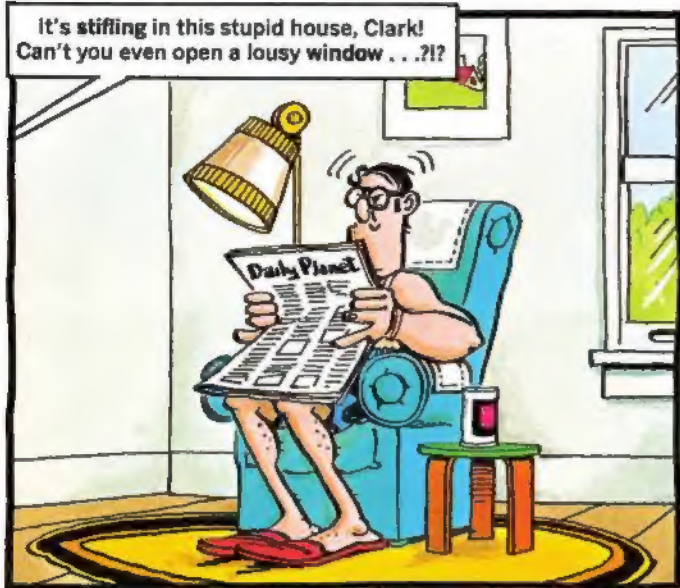
WRITER & ARTIST **JOHNNY SAMPSON**

B

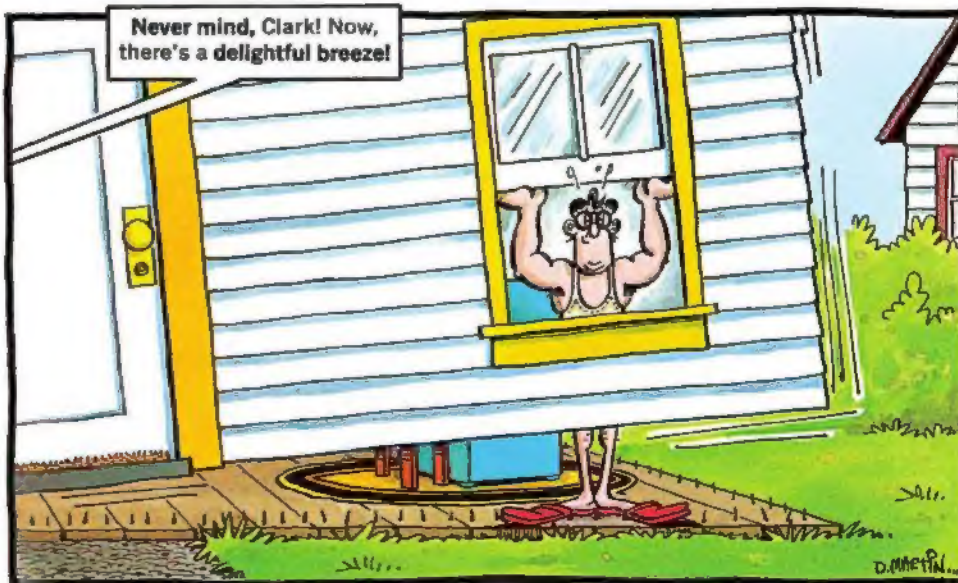
ONE DAY IN METROPOLIS

WRITER & ARTIST DON MARTIN

It's stifling in this stupid house, Clark!
Can't you even open a lousy window...?!



Never mind, Clark! Now,
there's a delightful breeze!



LOOK, UP IN
THE SKY! IT'S
A BIRD! IT'S A
PLANE! IT'S...



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!



FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



SKY-
ROCK-
ETING

TARIFFS.

